

# RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER

JAMES  
WHITCOMB  
RILEY

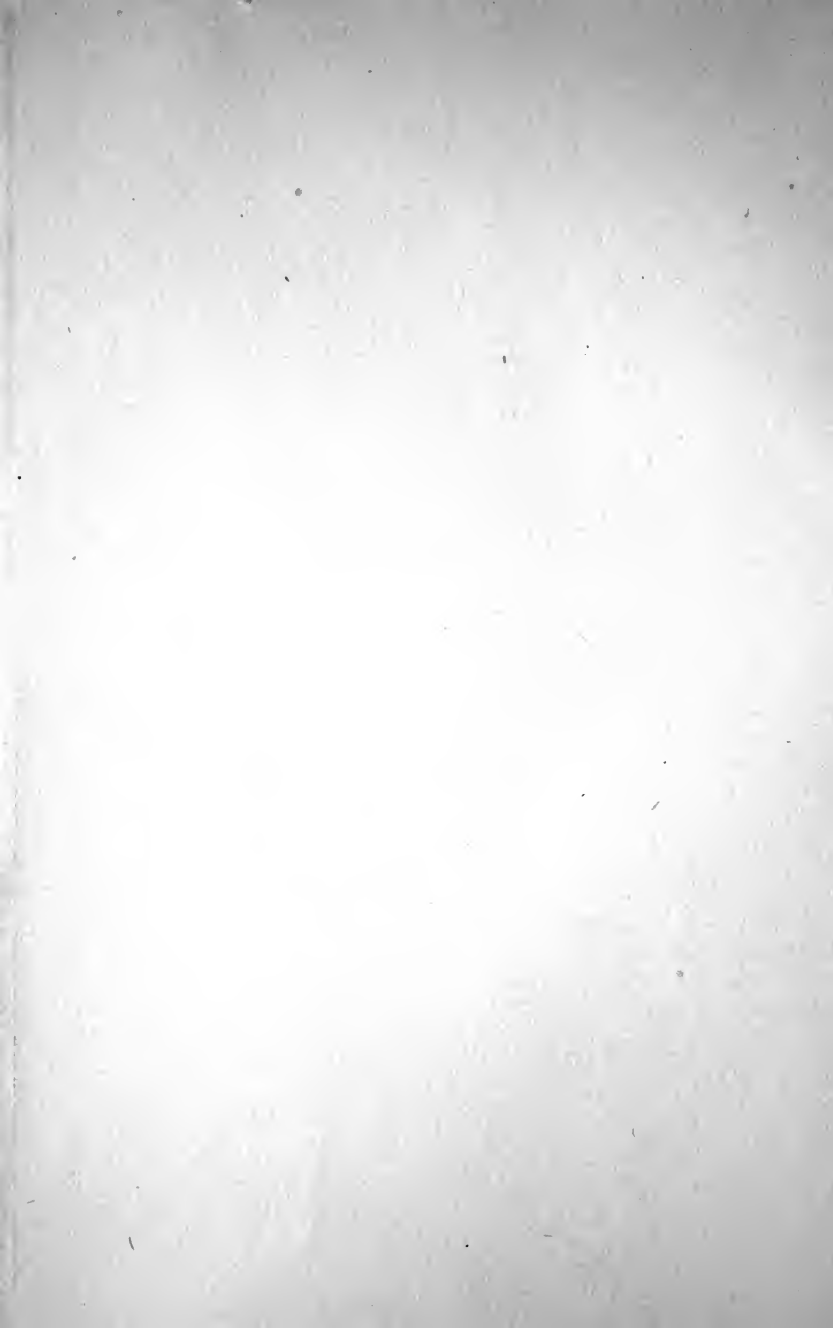


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RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER







# RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH PICTURES BY  
WILL VAWTER



NEW YORK  
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PUBLISHERS

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by

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TO  
LEE O. HARRIS  
TEACHER, FRIEND AND COMRADE

## THE SUMMER-TIME

*O, the summer-time to-day  
Makes my words  
Jes' flip up and fly away  
Like the birds!  
—'Taint no use to try to sing,  
With yer language on the wing,  
Jes' too glad fer anything  
But to stray  
Where it may  
Thue the sunny summer weather of the day!*

*Lordy! what a summer-time  
Fer to sing!  
But my words flops out o' rhyme,  
And they wing  
Furder yit beyent the view  
Than the swallows ever flew.  
Er a mortal wanted to—  
'Less his eye  
Struck the sky  
Ez he kind o' sort o' thought he'd like to fly!*

*Ef I COULD sing—sweet and low—  
And my tongue  
Could twitter, don't you know,  
Ez I sung  
Of the summer-time, 'y Jings!  
All the words and birds and things  
That kin warble, and hes wings,  
Would jes' swear  
And declare  
That they never heerd sich singin' anywhere!*

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RILEY SONGS OF SUMMER





## A SUMMER'S DAY

THE Summer's put the idy in  
My head that I'm a boy again;  
And all around's so bright and gay  
I want to put my team away,  
And jest git out whare I can lay  
And soak my hide full of the day!  
But work is work, and must be done—  
Yit, as I work, I have my fun,  
Jest fancyin' these furries here  
Is childhood's paths onc't more so dear:—

## A SUMMER'S DAY

And as I walk through medder-lands,  
And country lanes, and swampy trails  
Whare long bullrushes bresh my hands;  
And, tilted on the ridered rails  
Of deadnin' fences, "Old Bob White"  
Whissels his name in high delight,  
And whirrs away. I wunder still  
Whichever way a boy's feet will—  
Whare trees has fell, with tangled tops  
Whare dead leaves shakes, I stop fer breth,  
Heerin' the acorn as it drops—  
H'istin' my chin up still as deth,  
And watchin' clos't, with upturned eyes,  
The tree where Mr. Squirrel tries  
To hide hisse'f above the limb,  
But lets his own tale tell on him.  
I wunder on in deeper glooms—  
Git hungry, hearin' female cries  
From old farm-houses, whare perfumes  
Of harvest dinners seems to rise  
And ta'nt a feller, hart and brane,  
With memories he can't explane.

I wunder through the underbresh,  
Whare pig-tracks, pintin' to'rds the crick,







## A SUMMER'S DAY

Is picked and printed in the fresh  
    Black bottom-lands, like wimmern pick  
Theyr pie-crusts with a fork, some way,  
When bakin' fer camp-meetin' day.  
I wunder on and on and on,  
Tel my gray hair and beard is gone,  
And ev'ry wrinkle on my brow  
Is rubbed clean out and shaddered now  
With curls as brown and fare and fine  
As tenderls of the wild grape-vine  
That ust to climb the highest tree  
To keep the ripest ones fer me.  
I wunder still, and here I am  
Wadin' the ford below the dam—  
The worter chucklin' round my knee  
    At hornet-welt and bramble-scratch,  
And me a-slippin' 'crost to see  
    Ef Tyner's plums is ripe, and size  
The old man's wortermelon-patch,  
    With juicy mouth and drouthy eyes.  
Then, after sich a day of mirth  
And happiness as worlds is wurth—

A SUMMER'S DAY

So tired that heaven seems nigh about,—  
The sweetest tiredness on earth  
Is to git home and flatten out—  
So tired you can't lay flat enough,  
And sorto' wish that you could spred  
Out like molasses on the bed,  
And jest drip off the aidges in  
The dreams that never comes again.





## AN OLD FRIEND

**H**HEY, Old Midsummer ! are you here again,  
With all your harvest-store of olden joys,—  
Vast overhanging meadow-lands of rain,  
And drowsy dawns, and noons when golden grain  
Nods in the sun, and lazy truant boys  
Drift ever listlessly adown the day,  
Too full of joy to rest, and dreams to play.

## AN OLD FRIEND

The same old Summer, with the same old smile  
    Beaming upon us in the same old way  
We knew in childhood! Though a weary while  
Since that far time, yet memories reconcile  
    The heart with odorous breaths of clover-hay;  
And again I hear the doves, and the sun streams  
    through  
The old barn-door just as it used to do.

And so it seems like welcoming a friend—  
    An old, *old* friend, upon his coming home  
From some far country—coming home to spend  
Long, loitering days with me: And I extend  
    My hand in rapturous glee:—And so you've  
    come!—  
Ho, I'm so glad! Come in and take a chair:  
Well, this is just like *old* times, I declare!





### McFEETERS' FOURTH

**I**T was needless to say 'twas a glorious day,  
And to boast of it all in that spread-eagle way  
That our Forefathers had since the hour of the birth  
Of this most patriotic republic on earth!  
But 'twas justice, of course, to admit that the sight  
Of the old Stars-and-Stripes was a thing of delight  
In the eyes of a fellow, however he tried  
To look on the day with a dignified pride  
That meant not to brook any turbulent glee  
Or riotous flourish of loud jubilee!

#### MC FEETERS' FOURTH

So argued McFeeters, all grim and severe,  
Who the long night before, with a feeling of fear,  
Had slumbered but fitfully, hearing the swish  
Of the sky-rocket over his roof, with the wish  
That the boy-fiend who fired it were fast to the end  
Of the stick to for ever and ever ascend!  
Or to hopelessly ask why the boy with the horn  
And its horrible havoc had ever been born!  
Or to wish, in his wakefulness, staring aghast,  
That this Fourth of July were as dead as the last!

So, yesterday morning, McFeeters arose,  
With a fire in his eyes, and a cold in his nose,  
And a guttural voice in appropriate key  
With a temper as gruff as a temper could be.  
He growled at the servant he met on the stair,  
Because he was whistling a national air,  
And he growled at the maid on the balcony, who  
Stood enrapt with the tune of "The Red-White-and-  
Blue"  
That a band was discoursing like mad in the street,  
With drumsticks that banged, and with cymbals that  
beat.







#### MC FEETERS' FOURTH

And he growled at his wife, as she buttoned his vest,  
And applausively pinned a rosette on his breast  
Of the national colors, and lured from his purse  
Some change for the boys—for fire-crackers—or  
worse;

And she pointed with pride to a soldier in blue  
In a frame on the wall, and the colors there, too;  
And he felt, as he looked on the features, the glow  
The painter found there twenty long years ago,  
And a passionate thrill in his breast, as he felt  
Instinctively round for the sword in his belt.

What was it that hung like a mist o'er the room?—  
The tumult without—and the music—the boom  
Of the cannon—the blare of the bugle and fife?—  
No matter!—McFeeters was kissing his wife,  
And laughing and crying and waving his hat  
Like a genuine soldier, and crazy, at that!  
—*Was* it needless to say 'twas a glorious day  
And to boast of it all in that spread-eagle way  
That our Forefathers had since the hour of the birth  
Of this most patriotic republic on earth?





### WHEN JUNE IS HERE

WHEN June is here—what art have we to sing  
The whiteness of the lilies midst the green  
On noon-tranced lawns? Or flash of roses seen  
Like redbirds' wings? Or earliest ripening  
Prince-Harvest apples, where the cloyed bees cling  
Round winey juices oozing down between  
The peckings of the robin, while we lean  
In under-grasses, lost in marveling?  
Or the cool term of morning, and the stir  
Of odorous breaths from wood and meadow walks,  
The bobwhite's liquid yodel, and the whirl  
Of sudden flight; and, where the milkmaid talks  
Across the bars, on tilted barley-stalks  
The dewdrops' glint in webs of gossamer?



## THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER

THE summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin'  
locus' trees;

And the clover in the pastur is a big day fer the bees,  
And they been a-swigin' honey, above board and on  
the sly,

Tel they stutter in theyr buzzin' and stagger as they fly.  
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his  
wings

And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;  
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,  
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is.

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER

You can hear the blackbirds jawin' as they foller up  
the plow—

Oh, theyr bound to git theyr brekfast, and theyr not  
a-carin' how ;

So they quarrel in the furries, and they quarrel on the  
wing—

But theyr peaceabler in pot-pies than any other thing :  
And it's when I git my shotgun drawed up in stiddy  
rest,

She's as full of tribbellation as a yellor-jacket's nest ;  
And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a-shin-  
in' right,

Seems to kindo'-sorto' sharpen up a feller's appetite !

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,  
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,  
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is  
greener still ;

It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will.  
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's drowned  
out,

And prophasy the wheat will be a failure, without  
doubt ;

But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,  
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet !







THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER

Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims high and  
dry

Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the  
sky?

Does the quail set up and whissel in a disappointed way,  
Er hang his head in silunce, and sorrow all the day?

Is the chipmuck's health a-failin'?—Does he walk, er  
does he run?

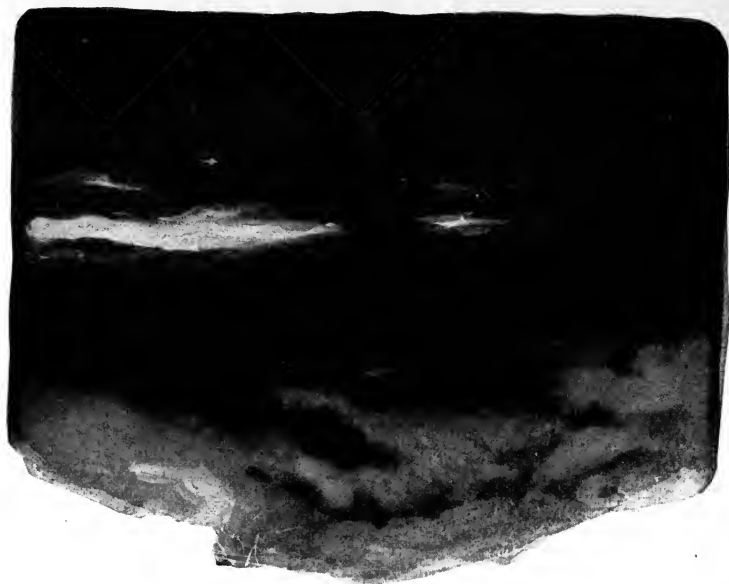
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like  
they've allus done?

Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er  
voice?

Ort a mortul be complainin' when dumb animals re-  
joice?

Then let us, one and all, be contentud with our lot;  
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shining  
hot.

Oh! let us fill our harts up with the glory of the day,  
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away!  
Whatever be our státion, with Providence fer guide,  
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;  
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,  
And the dèw is full of heavenly love that drips fer me  
and you.



## THE SHOWER

THE landscape, like the awed face of a child,  
Grew curiously blurred; a hush of death  
Fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild  
The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glamour-work of light and shade  
Dappled the shivering surface of the brook;  
The frightened ripples in their ambuscade  
Of willows thrilled and shook.

## THE SHOWER

The sullen day grew darker, and anon  
Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky;  
With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling on  
The storm's artillery.

The cloud above put on its blackest frown,  
And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain,  
The lightning snatched it, ripped and flung it down  
In ravelled shreds of rain:

While I, transfigured by some wondrous art,  
Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod,  
My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart  
Drenched with the love of God.





## TO LOLL BACK IN A MISTY HAMMOCK

**T**O loll back, in a misty hammock, swung  
From tip to tip of a slim crescent moon  
That gems some royal-purple night of June—  
To dream of songs that never have been sung  
Since the first stars were stilled and God was young  
And heaven as lonesome as a lonesome tune:  
To lie thus, lost to earth, with lids aswoon;  
By curious, cool winds back and forward flung,  
With fluttering hair, blurred eyes, and utter ease  
Adrift like lazy blood through every vein;  
And then,—the pulse of unvoiced melodies  
Timing the raptured sense to some refrain  
That knows nor words, nor rhymes, nor euphonies,  
Save Fancy's hinted chime of unknown seas.



## ON THE BANKS O' DEER CRICK

**O**N the banks o' Deer Crick! There's the place fer  
me!—

Worter slidin' past ye jes as clair as it kin be:—

See yer shadder in it, and the shadder o' the sky,

And the shadder o' the buzzard as he goes a-lazein' by;

Shadder o' the pizen-vines, and shadder o' the trees—

And I purt'-nigh said the shadder o' the sunshine and  
the breeze!

Well—I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the sea:

On the banks o' Deer Crick's grand enough fer me!

ON THE BANKS O' DEER CRICK

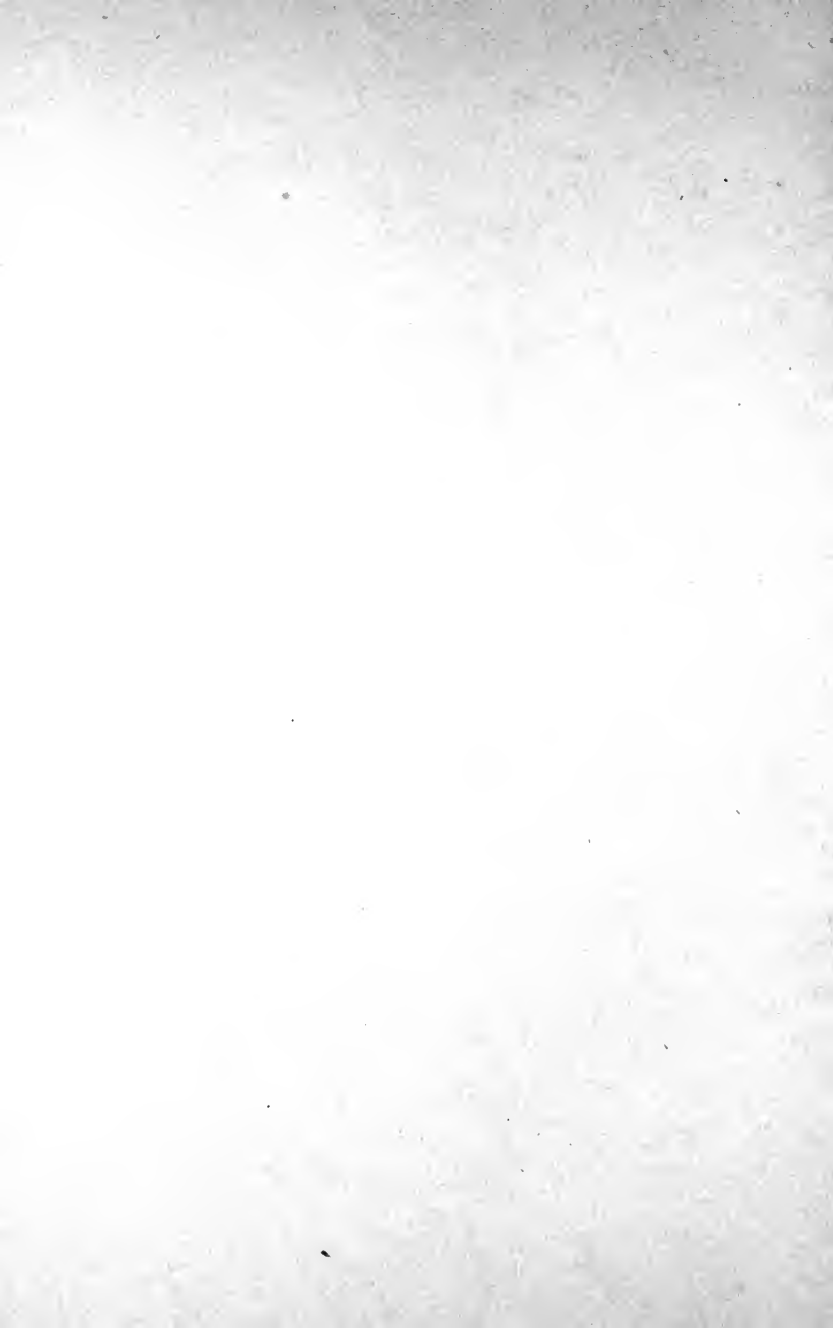
On the banks o' Deer Crick—mild er two from town—  
'Long up where the mill-race comes a-loafin' down,—  
Like to git up in there—'mongst the sycamores—  
And watch the worter at the dam, a-frothin' as she  
pours:

Crawl out on some old log, with my hook and line,  
Where the fish is jes so thick, you kin see 'em shine  
As they flicker round yer bait, *coaxin'* you to jerk,  
Tel yer tired ketchin' of 'em, mighty nigh, as *work!*

On the banks o' Deer Crick!—Allus my delight  
Jes to be around there—take it day er night!—  
Watch the snipes and killdees foolin' half the day—  
Er these-'ere little worter-bugs skootin' ever' way!—  
Snakefeeders glancin' round, er dartin' out o' sight;  
And dew-fall, and bullfrogs, and lightnin'-bugs at  
night—

Stars up through the tree-tops—er in the crick be-  
low,—  
And smell o' mussrat through the dark clean from the  
old b'y-o!







ON THE BANKS O' DEER CRICK

Er take a tromp, some Sund'y, say, 'way up to "John-  
son's Hole,"

And find where he's had a fire, and hid his fishin'-pole:  
Have yer "dog-leg" with ye and yer pipe and "cut-and-  
dry"—

Pocketful o' corn-bred, and slug er two o' rye,—  
Soak yer hide in sunshine and waller in the shade—  
Like the Good Book tells us—"where there're none  
to make afraid!"

Well!—I never seen the ocean ner I never seen the  
sea—

On the banks o' Deer Crick's grand enough fer me!





## THE LITTLE RED RIBBON

THE little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!  
The summertime comes and the summertime  
goes—

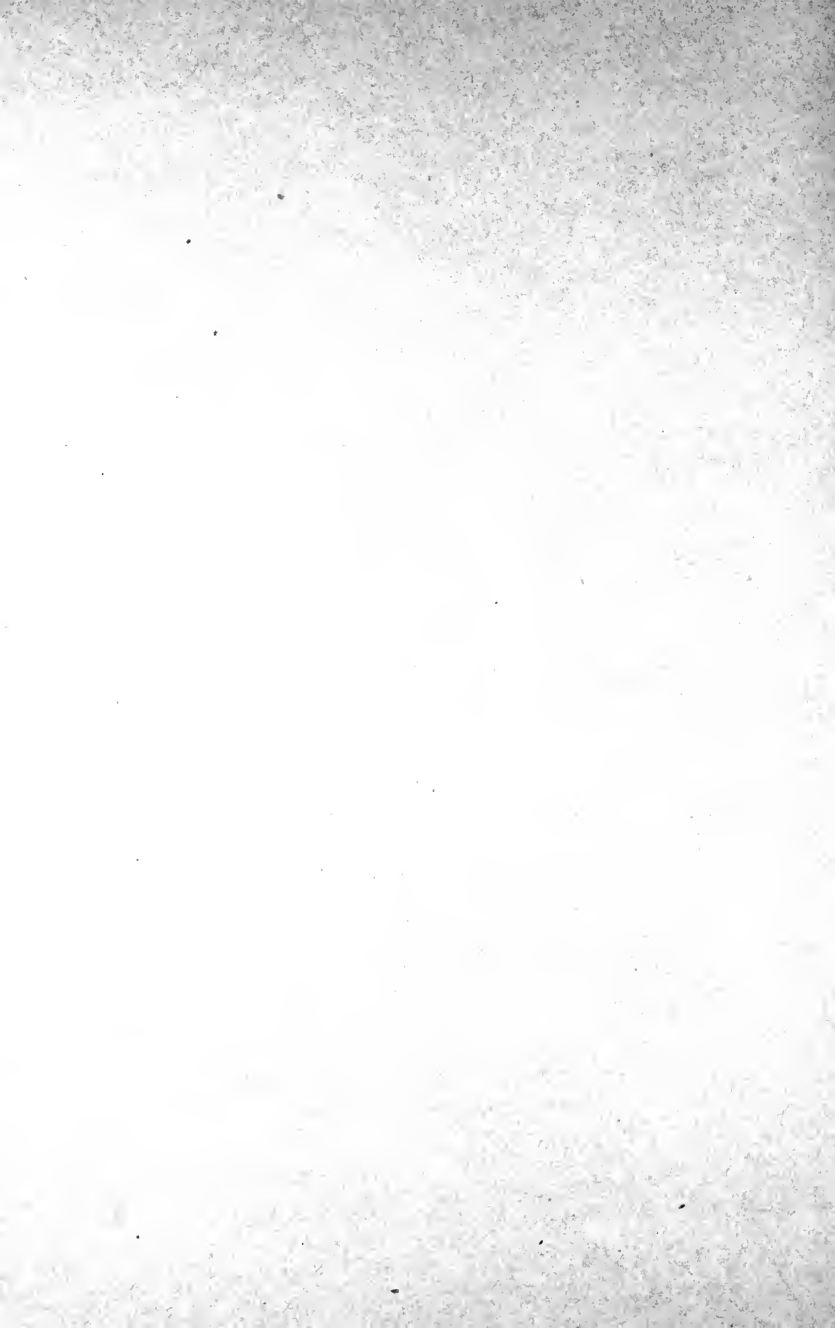
And never a blossom in all of the land  
As white as the gleam of her beckoning hand!

The long winter months, and the glare of the snows;  
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!  
And never a glimmer of sun in the skies  
As bright as the light of her glorious eyes!

Dreams only are true; but they fade and are gone—  
For her face is not here when I waken at dawn;  
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose  
*Mine* only; *hers* only the dream and repose.

I am weary of waiting, and weary of tears,  
And my heart wearies, too, all these desolate years,  
Moaning over the one only song that it knows,—  
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose!







## AUGUST

A DAY of torpor in the sullen heat  
Of Summer's passion : In the sluggish stream  
The panting cattle lave their lazy feet,  
With drowsy eyes, and dream.

Long since the winds have died, and in the sky  
There lives no cloud to hint of Nature's grief ;  
The sun glares ever like an evil eye,  
And withers flower and leaf.

AUGUST

Upon the gleaming harvest-field remote  
The thresher lies deserted, like some old  
Dismantled galleon that hangs afloat  
Upon a sea of gold.

The yearning cry of some bewildered bird  
Above an empty nest, and truant boys  
Along the river's shady margin heard—  
A harmony of noise—

A melody of wrangling voices blent  
With liquid laughter, and with rippling calls  
Of piping lips and thrilling echoes sent  
To mimic waterfalls.

And through the hazy veil the atmosphere  
Has draped about the gleaming face of Day,  
The sifted glances of the sun appear  
In splinterings of spray.

The dusty highway, like a cloud of dawn,  
Trails o'er the hillside, and the passer-by,  
A tired ghost in misty shroud, toils on  
His journey to the sky.

## AUGUST

And down across the valley's drooping sweep,  
Withdrawn to farthest limit of the glade,  
The forest stands in silence, drinking deep  
Its purple wine of shade.

The gossamer floats up on phantom wing;  
The sailor-vision voyages the skies  
And carries into chaos everything  
That freights the weary eyes:

Till, throbbing on and on, the pulse of heat  
Increases—reaches—passes fever's height,  
And Day sinks into slumber, cool and sweet,  
Within the arms of Night.





## IN THE SOUTH

THERE is a princess in the South  
About whose beauty rumors hum  
Like honey-bees about the mouth  
Of roses dewdrops falter from;  
And O her hair is like the fine  
Clear amber of a jostled wine  
In tropic revels; and her eyes  
Are blue as rifts of Paradise.



## IN THE SOUTH

Such beauty as may none before  
Kneel daringly, to kiss the tips  
Of fingers such as knights of yore  
Had died to lift against their lips :  
Such eyes as might the eyes of gold  
Of all the stars of night behold  
With glittering envy, and so glare  
In dazzling splendor of despair.

So, were I but a minstrel, deft  
At weaving, with the trembling strings  
Of my glad harp, the warp and weft  
Of rondels such as rapture sings,—  
I'd loop my lyre across my breast,  
Nor stay me till my knee found rest  
In midnight banks of bud and flower  
Beneath my lady's lattice-bower.

And there, drenched with the teary dews,  
I'd woo her with such wondrous art  
As well might stanch the songs that ooze  
Out of the mockbird's breaking heart ;  
So light, so tender, and so sweet  
Should be the words I would repeat,  
Her casement, on my gradual sight,  
Would blossom as a lily might.

## THEM FLOWERS

TAKE a feller 'at's sick and laid up on the shelf,  
All shaky, and ga'nted, and pore—  
Jes all so knocked out he can't handle hisself  
With a stiff upper-lip any more;  
Shet him up all alone in the gloom of a room  
As dark as the tomb, and as grim,  
And then take and send him some roses in bloom,  
And you can have fun out o' him!

You've ketched him 'fore now—when his liver was  
sound  
And his appetite notched like a saw—  
A-mockin' you, mayby, fer romancin' round  
With a big posy-bunch in yer paw;  
But you ketch him, say, when his health is away,  
And he's flat on his back in distress,  
And *then* you kin trot out yer little bokay  
And not be insulted, I guess!

You see, it's like this, what his weaknesses is,—  
Them flowers makes him think of the days  
Of his innocent youth, and that mother o' his,  
And the roses that *she* us't to raise:—  
So here, all alone with the roses you send—  
Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint,—  
My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old friend—  
Is a-leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!







## LAUGHING SONG

SING us something full of laughter ;  
Tune your harp, and twang the strings  
Till your glad voice, chirping after,  
Mates the song the robin sings :  
Loose your lips and let them flutter  
Like the wings of wanton birds,—  
Though they naught but laughter utter,  
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

## LAUGHING SONG

Sing in ringing tones that mingle

In a melody that flings

Joyous echoes in a jingle

Sweeter than the minstrel sings:

Sing of Winter, Spring or Summer,

Clang of war, or low of herds;

Trill of cricket, roll of drummer—

Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

Like the lisping laughter glancing

From the meadow brooks and springs,

Or the river's ripples dancing

To the tune the current sings—

Sing of Now, and the Hereafter;

Let your glad song, like the birds',

Overflow with limpid laughter—

Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.





## DOWN AROUND THE RIVER

NOON-TIME an' June-time, down around the  
river!

Have to furse with 'Lizey Ann—but lawzy! I fergive  
her!

Drives me off the place, an' says 'at all 'at she's a-wish-  
in',

Land o' gracious! time'll come I'll git enough o' fishin'!

Little Dave, a-choppin' wood, never 'pears to notice;  
Don't know where she's hid his hat, er keerin' where  
his coat is,—

Specalatin', more'n like, he hain't a-goin' to mind me,  
An' guessin' where, say twelve o'clock, a feller'd likely  
find me!

## DOWN AROUND THE RIVER

Noon-time an' June-time, down around the river!  
Clean out o' sight o' home, an' skulkin' under kivver  
Of the sycamores, jack-oaks, an' swamp-ash an' el-  
lum—

Idies all so jumbled up, you kin hardly tell 'em!—  
*Tired*, you know, but *lovin'* it, an' smilin' jes' to think  
'at

Any *sweeter* tiredness you'd fairly want to *drink* it!  
Tired o' fishin'—tired o' fun—line out slack an'  
slacker—

All you want in all the world's a little more tobacker!

Hungry, but *a-hidin'* it, er jes' a-not a-keerin' :—  
King-fisher gittin' up an' skootin' out o' hearin';  
Snipes on the t'other side, where the County Ditch is,  
Wadin' up an' down the aidge like they'd rolled their  
britches!

Old turkle on the root kindo'-sorto' drappin'  
Intoo th' worter like he don't know how it happen!  
Worter, shade an' all so mixed, don't know which  
you'd orter

Say: th' *worter* in the shadder—*shadder* in the *worter*!







## DOWN AROUND THE RIVER

Somebody hollerin'—'way around the bend in  
Upper Fork—where yer eye kin jes' ketch the endin'  
Of the shiney wedge o' wake some muss-rat's a-makin'  
With that pesky nose o' his! Then a sniff o' bacon,  
Corn-bred an' 'dock-greens—an' little Dave a-shinnin'  
'Crost the rocks an' mussel-shells, a-limpin' an' a-grin-  
nin',  
With yer dinner fer ye, an' a blessin' from the giver.  
Noon-time an' June-time, down around the river!





## POMONA

O H, the golden afternoon!—  
Like a ripened summer day  
That had fallen oversoon  
In the weedy orchard-way—  
As an apple, ripe in June.

He had left his fishrod leant  
O'er the footlog by the spring—  
Clomb the hill-path's high ascent,  
Whence a voice, down showering,  
Lured him, wondering as he went.

## POMONA

Not the voice of bee nor bird,  
Nay, nor voice of man nor child,  
Nor the creek's shoal-alto heard  
Blent with warblings sweet and wild  
Of the midstream, music-stirred.

'Twas a goddess! As the air  
Swirled to eddying silence, he  
Glimpsed about him, half aware  
Of some subtle sorcery  
Woven round him everywhere.

Suavest slopes of pleasaunce, sown  
With long lines of fruited trees  
Weighed o'er grasses all unmown  
But by scythings of the breeze  
In prone swaths that flashed and shone

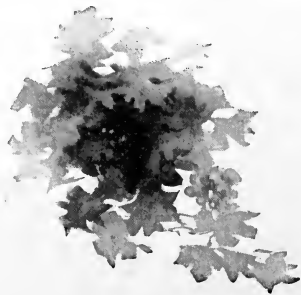
Like silk locks of Faunus sleeked  
This, that way, and contrawise,  
Thro' whose bredes ambrosial leaked  
Oily amber sheens and dyes,  
Starred with petals purple-freaked.

## POMONA

Here the bellflower swayed and swung,  
Greenly belfried high amid  
Thick leaves in whose covert sung  
Hermit-thrush, or katydid,  
Or the glowworm nightly clung.

Here the damson, peach and pear;  
There the plum, in Tyrian tints,  
Like great grapes in clusters rare;  
And the metal-heavy quince  
Like a plummet dangled there.

All ethereal, yet all  
Most material,—a theme  
Of some fabled festival—  
Save the fair face of his dream  
Smiling o'er the orchard wall.





## ME AND MARY

**A**LL my feelin's in the Spring  
Gits so blame contrary,  
I can't think of anything  
Only me and Mary!  
"Me and Mary!" all the time,  
"Me and Mary!" like a rhyme,  
Keeps a-dingin' on till I'm  
Sick o' "Me and Mary!"

ME AND MARY

“Me and Mary! Ef us two  
Only was together—  
Playin’ like we used to do  
In the Aprile weather!”  
All the night and all the day  
I keep wishin’ thataway  
Till I’m gittin’ old and gray  
Jes on “Me and Mary!”

Muddy yit along the pike  
Sence the Winter’s freezin’,  
And the orchard’s back’ard-like  
Bloomin’ out this season;  
Only heerd one bluebird yit—  
Nary robin ner tomtit;  
What’s the how and why of it?  
’Spect it’s “Me and Mary!”

Me and Mary liked the birds—  
That is, *Mary* sorto’  
Liked ’em first, and afterwards,  
W’y, I thought *I’d* ort’o.  
And them birds—ef Mary stood  
Right here with me, like she should—  
They’d be singin’, them birds would,  
All fer me and Mary.







## ME AND MARY

Birds er not, I'm hopin' some  
I can git to plowin'!  
Ef the sun'll only come,  
And the Lord allowin',  
Guess to-morry I'll turn in  
And git down to work ag'in;  
This here loaferin' won't win,  
Not fer me and Mary!

Fer a man that loves, like me,  
And's afeard to name it,  
Till some other feller, he  
Gits the girl—dad-shame-it!  
Wet er dry, er clouds er sun—  
Winter gone er jes begun—  
Outdoor work fer me er none,  
No more "Me and Mary!"





### A GLIMPSE OF PAN

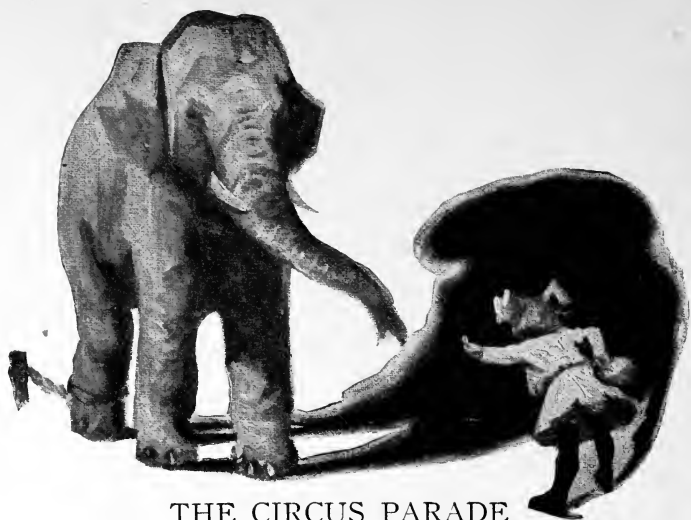
I CAUGHT but a glimpse of him. Summer was here,  
And I strayed from the town and its dust and heat  
And walked in a wood, while the noon was near,  
Where the shadows were cool, and the atmosphere  
Was misty with fragrances stirred by my feet  
From surges of blossoms that billowed sheer  
O'er the grasses, green and sweet.

## A GLIMPSE OF PAN

And I peered through a vista of leaning trees,  
Tressed with long tangles of vines that swept  
To the face of a river, that answered these  
With vines in the wave like the vines in the breeze,  
Till the yearning lips of the ripples crept  
And kissed them, with quavering ecstasies,  
And gurgled and laughed and wept.

And there, like a dream in a swoon, I swear  
I saw Pan lying,—his limbs in the dew  
And the shade, and his face in the dazzle and glare  
Of the glad sunshine; while everywhere,  
Over, across, and around him blew  
Filmy dragonflies hither and there,  
And little white butterflies, two and two,  
In eddies of odorous air.





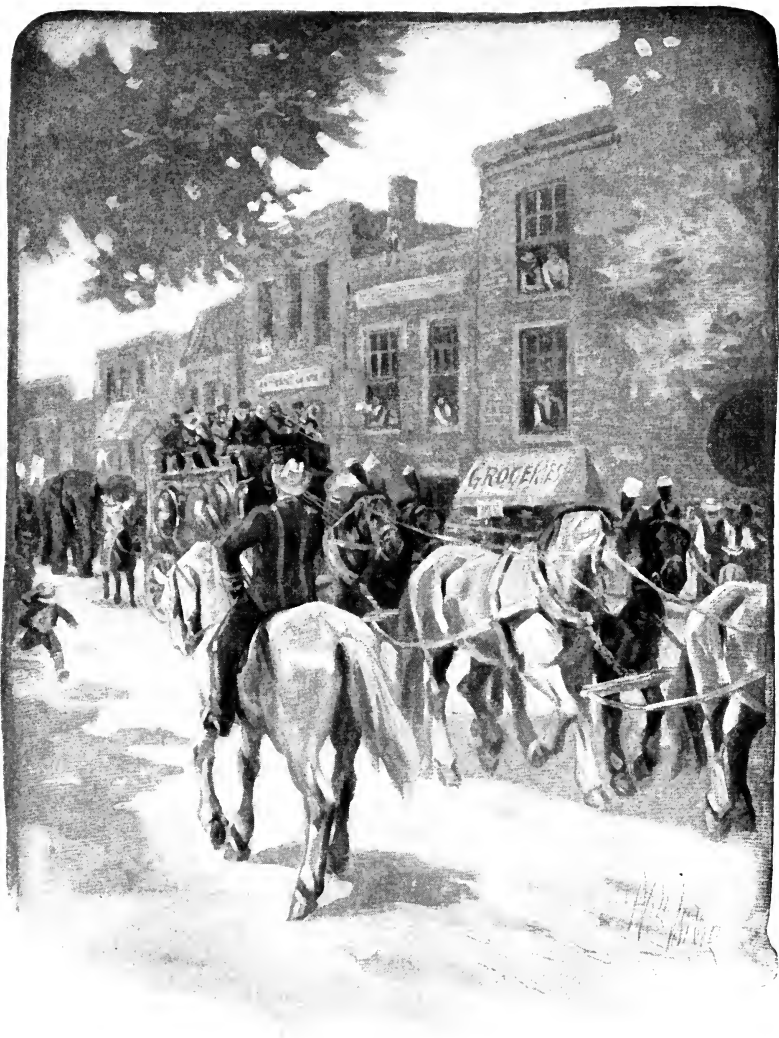
## THE CIRCUS PARADE

THE Circus!—The Circus!—The throb of the drums,

And the blare of the horns, as the Band-wagon comes;  
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,  
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

In the Circus parade there is glory clean down  
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the Clown,  
With the gleam and the glint and the glamour and  
glare

Of the days of enchantment all glimmering there!







## THE CIRCUS PARADE

And there are the banners of silvery fold  
Caressing the winds with their fringes of gold,  
And their high-lifted standards, with spear-tips aglow,  
And the helmeted knights that go riding below.

There's the Chariot, wrought of some marvelous shell  
The Sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well  
With its fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams  
Like the galleon rare of an Argonaut's dreams.

And the Elephant, too, (with his undulant stride  
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride),  
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks  
The tigers that leapt from the Jujubee-banks.

Here's the long, ever-changing, mysterious line  
Of the Cages, with hints of their glories divine  
From the barred little windows, cut high in the rear,  
Where the close-hidden animals' noses appear.

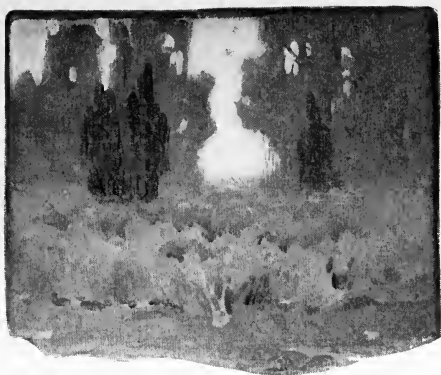
Here's the Pyramid-car, with its splendor and flash,  
And the Goddess on high, in a hot-scarlet sash  
And a pen-wiper skirt!—O, the rarest of sights  
Is this "Queen of the Air" in cerulean tights!

## THE CIRCUS PARADE

Then the far-away clash of the cymbals, and then  
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again  
With the capering tones of the gallant cornet  
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.

The Circus!—The Circus!—The throb of the drums,  
And the blare of the horns, as the Band-wagon comes;  
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,  
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.





## A VOICE FROM THE FARM

**I**T is my dream to have you here with me,  
Out of the heated city's dust and din—  
Here where the colts have room to gambol in,  
And kine to graze, in clover to the knee.  
I want to see your wan face happily  
Lit with the wholesome smiles that have not been  
In use since the old games you used to win  
When we pitched horseshoes: And I want to be  
At utter loaf with you in this dim land  
Of grove and meadow, while the crickets make  
Our own talk tedious, and the bat wields  
His bulky flight, as we cease converse and  
In a dusk like velvet smoothly take  
Our way toward home across the dewy fields.



## A WRAITH OF SUMMERTIME

I N its color, shade and shine,  
'Twas a summer warm as wine,  
With an effervescent flavoring of flowered  
bough and vine,  
And a fragrance and a taste  
Of ripe roses gone to waste,  
And a dreamy sense of sun- and moon- and  
star-light interlaced.

A WRAITH OF SUMMERTIME

'Twas a summer such as broods  
O'er enchanted solitudes,  
Where the hand of Fancy leads us through  
    voluptuary moods,  
And with lavish love out-pours  
All the wealth of out-of-doors,  
And woos our feet o'er velvet paths and  
    honeysuckle floors.

'Twas a summertime long dead,—  
And its roses, white and red,  
And its reeds and water-lilies down along the  
    river-bed,—  
O, they all are 'ghostly things—  
For the ripple never sings,  
And the rocking lily never even rustles as it  
    rings!





### AT NINETY IN THE SHADE

**H**OT weather? Yes; but really not,  
Compared with weather twice as hot.  
Find comfort, then, in arguing thus,  
And you'll pull through victorious!—  
For instance, while you gasp and pant  
And try to cool yourself—and can't—  
With soda, cream and lemonade,  
The heat at ninety in the shade,—  
Just calmly sit and ponder o'er  
These same degrees, with ninety more  
On top of them, and so concede  
The weather now is cool indeed!







## AT NINETY IN THE SHADE

Think—as the perspiration dew  
Your fevered brow, and seems to ooze  
From out the ends of every hair—  
Whole floods of it, with floods to spare—  
Think, I repeat, the while the sweat  
Pours down your spine—how hotter yet  
Just ninety *more* degrees would be,  
And bear *this* ninety patiently!  
Think—as you mop your brow and hair,  
With sticky feelings everywhere—  
How ninety more degrees increase  
Of heat like this would start the grease;  
Or, think, as you exhausted stand,  
A wilted “palmleaf” in each hand—  
When the thermometer has done  
With ease the lap of ninety-one;  
O, think, I say, what heat might do  
At one hundred and eighty-two—  
Just twice the heat you now declare,  
Complainingly, is hard to bear.  
Or, as you watch the mercury  
Mount, still elate, one more degree,  
And doff your collar and cravat,  
And rig a sponge up in your hat,

## AT NINETY IN THE SHADE

And ask Tom, Harry, Dick or Jim,  
If this is hot enough for him—  
Consider how the sun would pour  
At one hundred and eighty-four—  
Just twice the heat that seems to be  
Affecting you unpleasantly,  
The very hour that you might find  
As cool as dew, were you inclined.  
But why proceed when none will heed  
Advice apportioned to the need?  
Hot weather? Yes; but really not,  
Compared with weather twice as hot!





### THE TREE-TOAD

“ ‘**S**CUR’OUS-LIKE,” said the tree-toad,  
“I’ve twittered fer rain all day ;  
And I got up soon,  
And hollered tel noon—  
But the sun, hit blazed away,  
Tel I jest clumb down in a crawfish-hole,  
Weary at hart, and sick at soul !

“Dozed away rer an hour,  
And I tackled the thing agin :  
And I sung, and sung,  
Tel I knowed my lung  
Was jest about give in ;  
And *then*, thinks I, ef hit don’t rain *now*,  
They’s nothin’ in singin’, anyhow !

## THE TREE-TOAD

“Onc’t in a while some farmer  
Would come a-drivin’ past;  
And he’d hear my cry,  
And stop and sigh—  
Tel I jest laid back, at last,  
And I hollered rain tel I thought my th’oat  
Would bust wide open at ever’ note!

“But I *fetch*ed her!—O, *I fetch*ed her—  
'Cause a little while ago,  
As I kindo’ set,  
With one eye shet,  
And a-singin’ soft and low,  
A voice drapped down on my fevered brain,  
A-sayin’,—‘*Ef you’ll jest hush I’ll rain!*’ ”





### IN SWIMMING-TIME

CLOUDS above, as white as wool,  
Drifting over skies as blue  
As the eyes of beautiful  
Children when they smile at you :  
Groves of maple, elm and beech,  
With the sunshine sifted through  
Branches, mingling each with each,  
Dim with shade and bright with dew.

Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,  
Hickory and sycamore,  
And the drowsy dogwood, bowed  
Where the ripples laugh aloud,  
And the crooning creek is stirred  
To a gaiety that now  
Mates the warble of the bird,  
Teetering on the hazel-bough.

## IN SWIMMING-TIME

Grasses long and fine and fair  
As your schoolboy-sweetheart's hair  
Backward stroked and twirled and twined  
By the fingers of the wind :  
Vines and mosses interlinked  
    Down dark aisles and deep ravines,  
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,  
    Round a bend where some one leans,  
Faint, and vague, and indistinct  
    As the like-reflected thing  
    In the current shimmering.

Childish voices, further on,  
Where the truant stream has gone,  
Vex the echoes of the wood  
Till no word is understood—  
Save that we are well aware  
Happiness is hiding there :—  
There, in leafy coverts, nude  
    Little bodies poise and leap,  
Spattering the solitude  
And the silence, everywhere—  
    Mimic monsters of the deep!—







IN SWIMMING-TIME

Wallowing in sandy shoals—  
Plunging headlong out of sight,  
And, with spurtings of delight,  
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,  
Climbing up the treacherous steep,  
Over which the spring-board spurns  
Each again as he returns!  
Ah! the glorious carnival!  
Purple lips—and chattering teeth—  
Eyes that burn—But, in beneath,  
Every care beyond recall—  
Every task forgotten quite—  
And again in dreams at night,  
Dropping, drifting through it all!



## LULLABY

THE maple strews the embers of its leaves  
O'er the laggard swallows nestled 'neath the  
eaves;

And the moody cricket falters in his cry—Baby-bye!—  
And the lid of night is falling o'er the sky—Baby-  
bye!—

The lid of night is falling o'er the sky!

The rose is lying pallid, and the cup  
Of the frosted calla-lily folded up;  
And the breezes through the garden sob and sigh—  
Baby-bye!—

O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie—  
Baby-bye!—

O'er the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie!

Yet, Baby—O my Baby, for your sake  
This heart of mine is ever wide awake,  
And my love may never droop a drowsy eye—Baby-  
bye!—

Till your own are wet above me when I die—Baby-  
bye!—

Till your own are wet above me when I die.







## THE FISHING PARTY

**W**UNST we went a-fishin'—Me  
An' my Pa an' Ma all three,  
When they was a pic-nic, 'way  
Out to Hanch's woods, one day.

An' they was a crick out there,  
Where the fishes is, an' where  
Little boys 'taint big an' strong,  
Better have their folks along!

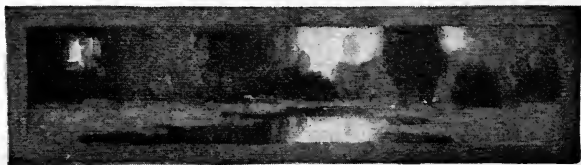
## THE FISHING PARTY

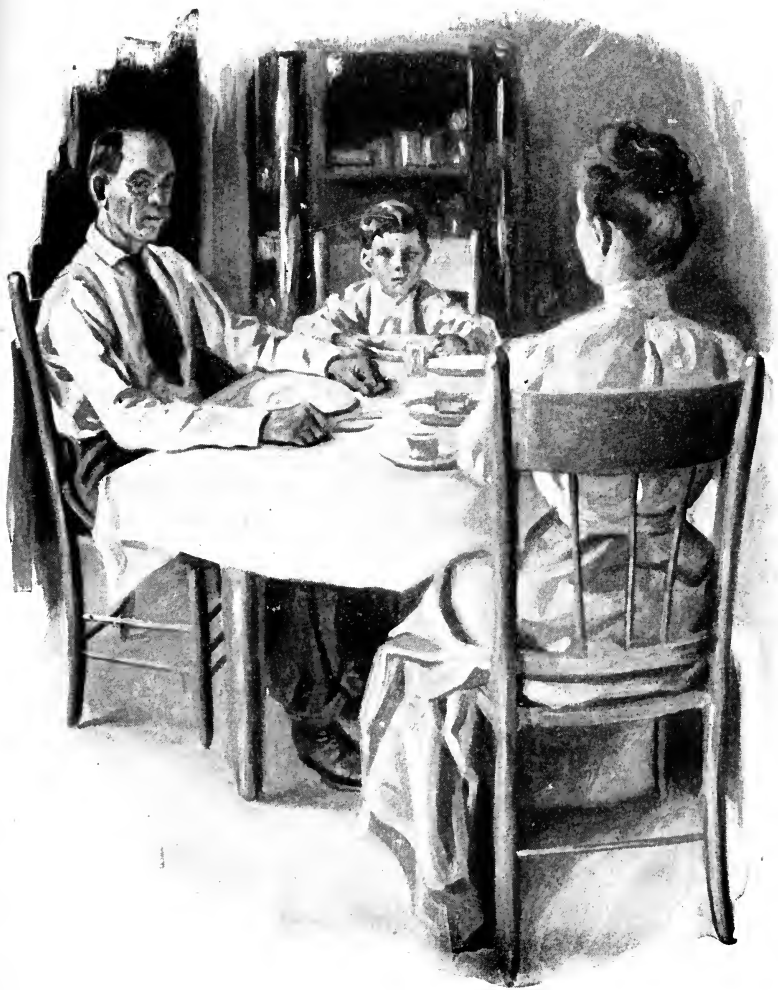
My Pa he ist fished an' fished!  
An' my Ma she said she wished  
Me an' her was home; an' Pa  
Said he wished so worse'n Ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say  
Anything, er sneeze, er play,  
Hain't no fish, alive er dead,  
Ever go' to bite! he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we  
Got back home; an' Ma says she,  
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!  
An' she buyed one at the store.

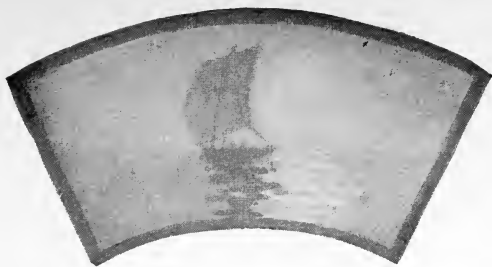
Nen at supper, Pa he won't  
Eat no fish, an' says he don't  
Like 'em.—An' he pounded me  
When I choked! . . . Ma, didn't he?











## WHILE THE MUSICIAN PLAYED

O IT was but a dream I had  
While the musician played!—  
And here the sky, and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glade—  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds  
Drooped in the breathless breeze:  
As o'er a field of marigolds  
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;  
While here the eddies lisped and purled  
Around the island's rim,  
And up from out the underworld  
We saw the mermen swim.

WHILE THE MUSICIAN PLAYED

And it was dawn and middle-day  
And midnight—for the moon  
On silver rounds across the bay  
Had climbed the skies of June—  
And there the glowing, glorious king  
Of day ruled o'er his realm,  
With stars of midnight glittering  
About his diadem.

The seagull reeled on languid wing  
In circles round the mast,  
We heard the songs the sirens sing  
As we went sailing past;  
And up and down the golden sands  
A thousand fairy throngs  
Flung at us from their flashing hands  
The echoes of their songs.

O, it was but a dream I had  
While the musician played—  
For here the sky, and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glade;  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.



## HOOSIER SPRING-POETRY

WHEN ever'thing's a-goin' like she's got-a-goin'  
now,—

The maple-sap a-drippin', and the buds on ever' bough  
A-sorto' reachin' up'ards all a-trimblin', ever' one,  
Like 'bout a million brownie-fists a-shakin' at the sun!  
The childern wants their shoes off 'fore their breakfast,  
and the Spring

Is here so good-and-plenty that the old hen has to  
sing!—

When things is goin' *thisaway*, w'y, that's the sign,  
you know,

That ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

Old Winter's up and dusted, with his dratted frost and  
snow—

The ice is out the crick ag'in, the freeze is out the  
ground,

And you'll see faces thawin' too ef you'll jes look  
around!—

HOOSIER SPRING-POETRY

The bluebird's landin' home ag'in, and glad to git the  
chance,

'Cause here's where he belongs at, that's a settled cir-  
cumstance!

And him and mister robin now's a-chunin' fer the  
show.

Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

The sun ain't jes p'tendin' *now!*—The ba'm is in the  
breeze—

The trees'll soon be green as grass, and grass as green  
as trees;

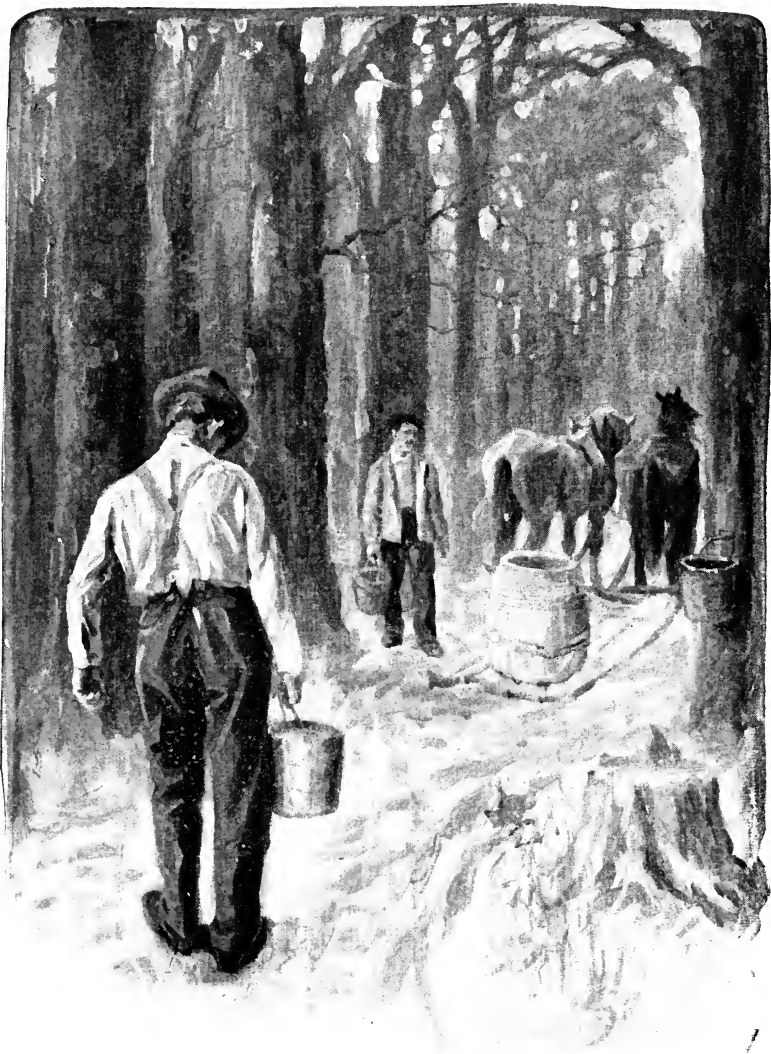
The buds is all jes *cechin'*, and the dogwood down  
the run

Is bound to bust out laughin' 'fore another week is  
done;

The bees is wakin', gap'y-like, and fumblin' fer their  
buzz,

A-thinkin', ever-wakefuler, of other days that wuz,—  
When all the land wuz orchard-blooms and clover,  
don't you know. . . .

Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!







## PANSIES

PANSIES! Pansies! How I love you, pansies!  
Jaunty-faced, laughing-lipped and dewy-eyed  
with glee;  
Would my song but blossom in little five-leaf stanzas  
As delicate in fancies  
As your beauty is to me!

But my eyes shall smile on you, and my hands infold  
you,  
Pet, caress, and lift you to the lips that love you so,  
That, shut ever in the years that may mildew or mould  
you,  
My fancy shall behold you  
Fair as in the long ago.



## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

### I

TELL you what I like the best—  
    'Long about knee-deep in June,  
    'Bout the time strawberries melts  
    On the vine,—some afternoon  
Like to jes' git out and rest,  
    And not work at nothin' else!

### II

Orchard's where I'd ruther be—  
Needn't fence it in fer me!—  
    Jes' the whole sky overhead,  
And the whole airth underneath—  
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe  
    Like he ort, and kindo' has  
Elbow-room to keerlessly  
    Sprawl out len'thways on the grass  
    Where the shadders thick and soft  
As the kivvers on the bed  
    Mother fixes in the loft  
Allus, when they's company!



## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

### III

Jes' a-sorto' lazin' there—  
S'lazy 'at you peek and peer  
Through the wavin' leaves above,  
Like a feller 'at's in love  
And don't know it, ner don't keer!  
Ever'thing you hear and see  
Got some sort o' interest—  
Maybe find a bluebird's nest  
Tucked up there conveniently  
Fer the boy 'at's ap' to be  
Up some other apple-tree!  
Watch the swallers skootin' past  
'Bout as peert as you could ast;  
Er the Bob-white raise and whizz  
Where some other's whistle is.

### IV

Ketch a shadder down below,  
And look up to find the crow—  
Er a hawk,—away up there,  
'Pearantly *frose* in the air!—  
Hear the old hen squawk, and squat  
Over ever' chick she's got,

## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

Sudden-like!—and she knows where  
That-air hawk is, well as you!—  
You jes' bet yer life she do!—  
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,  
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

## V

Pee-wees' singin', to express  
My opinion, 's second class,  
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;  
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,  
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;  
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,  
In them base-ball clothes o' his,  
Sportin' round the orchard jes'  
Like he owned the premises!  
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,  
But flat on yer back, I guess,  
In the shade's where glory is!  
That's jes' what I'd like to do  
Stiddy fer a year er two!





## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

### VI

Plague! ef they ain't somepin' in  
Work 'at kindo' goes ag'in'  
My convictions!—'long about  
Here in June especially!—  
Under some old apple-tree,  
Jes' a-restin' through and through,  
I could git along without  
Nothin' else at all to do  
Only jes' a-wishin' you  
Wuz a-gittin' there like me,  
And June was eternity!

### VII

Lay out there and try to see  
Jes' how lazy you kin be!—  
Tumble round and souse yer head  
In the clover-bloom, er pull  
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes  
And peek through it at the skies,  
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,  
Maybe, smilin' back at you  
In betwixt the beautiful  
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—  
Month a man kin railly love—  
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

VIII

March ain't never nothin' new!—  
Aprile's altogether too  
    Brash fer me! and May—I jes'  
    'Bominate its promises,—  
Little hints o' sunshine and  
Green around the timber-land—  
    A few blossoms, and a few  
    Chip-birds, and a sprout er two,—  
    Drap asleep, and it turns in  
    'Fore daylight and *snows* ag'in!—  
But when *June* comes—Clear my th' oat  
    With wild honey!—Rench my hair  
In the dew! and hold my coat!  
    Whoop out loud! and th'ow my hat!—  
June wants me, and I'm to spare!  
Spread them shadders anywhere,  
I'll git down and waller there,  
    And obleeged to you at that!





## A FULL HARVEST

**S**EEMS like a feller'd ort 'o jes' to-day  
Git down and roll and waller, don't you know,  
In that-air stubble, and flop up and crow,  
Seein' sich craps! I'll undertake to say  
There're no wheat's ever turned out thataway  
Afore this season!—Folks is keerless tho',  
And too fergitful—'caze we'd ort 'o show  
More thankfulness!—Jes' looky hyonder, hey?—  
And watch that little reaper wadin' thue  
That last old yaller hunk o' harvest-ground—  
Jes' natchur'ly a-slicin' it in-two  
Like honey-comb, and gaumin' it around  
The field—like it had nothin' else to do  
On'y jes' waste it all on me and you!

## THE CLOVER

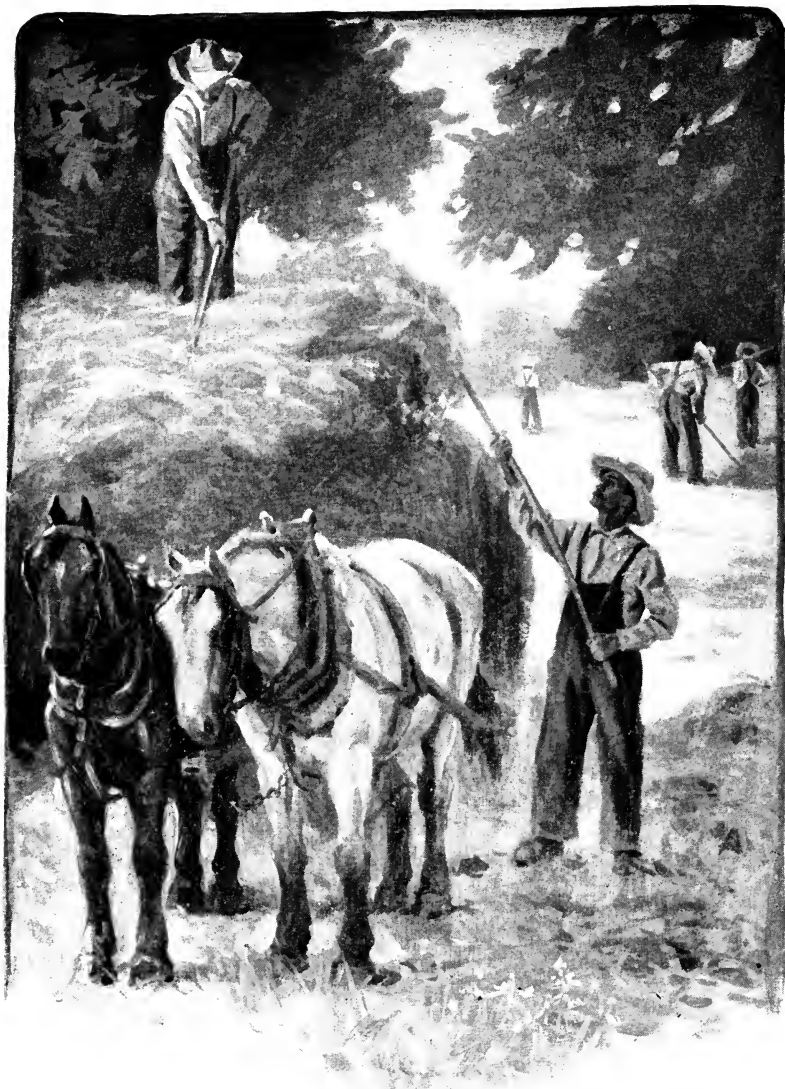
SOME sings of the lily, and daisy, and rose,  
And the pansies and pinks that the Summertime  
throws

In the green grassy lap of the medder that lays  
Blinkin' up at the skyes through the sunshiney days;  
But what is the lily and all of the rest  
Of the flowers, to a man with a hart in his brest  
That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew  
Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,  
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,  
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plane  
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;  
And I wunder away in a bare-footed dream,  
Whare I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam  
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love  
Ere it wept ore the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part  
Of the sacerdest sorrows and joys of my hart;  
And wharever it blossoms, oh, thare let me bow  
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' Him now;  
And I pray to Him still fer the stren'th when I die,  
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,  
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom  
While my soul slips away on a breth of purfume.









## THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

O H! the old swimmin'-hole! Whare the crick so still  
and deep

Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,  
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below  
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't ust to  
know

Before we could remember anything but the eyes  
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;  
But the merry days of Youth is beyond our controle,  
And it's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-  
hole.

## THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,  
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,  
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide  
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,  
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress  
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness.  
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck  
his toll  
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days  
When the hum-drum of school made so many run-a-  
ways,  
How pleasant was the jurney down the old dusty lane,  
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so  
plane  
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole  
They was lots o' fun on hands at the old swimmin'-  
hole.  
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll  
Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old swimmin'-  
hole.  
Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,  
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;





## THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

And it mottled the worter with amber and gold  
Tel the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled;  
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by  
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,  
Or a wowedd apple-blossom in the breeze's controle,  
As it cut acrost some orchurd to'rds the old swimmin'-  
hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,  
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;  
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot  
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.  
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be—  
But never again will they shade shelter me!  
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,  
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.



## THE ALL-GOLDEN

### I

**T**HROUGH every happy line I sing  
I feel the tonic of the Spring.  
The day is like an old-time face  
That gleams across some grassy place  
An old-time face—an old-time chum  
Who rises from the grave to come  
And lure me back along the ways  
Of time's all-golden yesterdays.  
Sweet day! to thus remind me of  
The truant boy I used to love—  
To set, once more, his finger-tips  
Against the blossom of his lips,  
And pipe for me the signal known  
By none but him and me alone!

### II

I see, across the school-room floor,  
The shadow of the open door,  
And dancing dust and sunshine blent  
Slanting the way the morning went,  
And beckoning my thoughts afar  
Where reeds and running waters are;







## THE ALL-GOLDEN

Where amber-colored bayous glass  
The half-drown'd weeds and wisps of grass.  
Where sprawling frogs, in loveless key,  
Sing on and on incessantly.  
Against the green wood's dim expanse  
The cattail tilts its tufted lance,  
While on its tip—one might declare  
The white "snake-feeder" blossomed there!

### III

I catch my breath as children do  
In woodland swings when life is new,  
And all the blood is warm as wine  
And tingles with a tang divine.  
My soul soars up the atmosphere  
And sings aloud where God can hear,  
And all my being leans intent  
To mark His smiling wonderment.  
O gracious dream, and gracious time,  
And gracious theme, and gracious rhyme—  
When buds of Spring begin to blow  
In blossoms that we used to know  
And lure us back along the ways  
Of time's all-golden yesterdays!



### WITH THE CURRENT

RAREST mood of all the year!  
Aimless, idle, and content—  
Sky and wave and atmosphere  
Wholly indolent.

Little daughter, loose the band  
From your tresses—let them pour  
Shadow-like o'er arm and hand  
Idling at the oar.





## WITH THE CURRENT

Low and clear, and pure and deep,  
Ripples of the river sing—  
Water-lilies, half asleep,  
Drowsed with listening :

Tremulous reflex of skies—  
Skies above and skies below,—  
Paradise and Paradise  
Blending even so !

Blossoms with their leaves unrolled  
Laughingly, as they were lips  
Cleft with ruddy beaten gold  
Tongues of pollen-tips.

Rush and reed, and thorn and vine,  
Clumped with grasses lithe and tall—  
With a web of summer-shine  
Woven round it all.

Back and forth, and to and fro—  
Flashing scale and wing as one,—  
Dragon-flies that come and go,  
Shuttled by the sun.

WITH THE CURRENT

Fairy lilts and lullabies,  
Fine as fantasy conceives,—  
Echoes wrought of cricket-cries  
Sifted through the leaves.

O'er the rose, with drowsy buzz,  
Hangs the bee, and stays his kiss,  
Even as my fancy does,  
Gypsy, over this.

Let us both be children—share  
Youth's glad voyage night and day,  
Drift adown it, half aware,  
Anywhere we may.—

Drift and curve and deviate,  
Veer and eddy, float and flow,  
Waver, swerve and undulate,  
As the bubbles go.





### OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

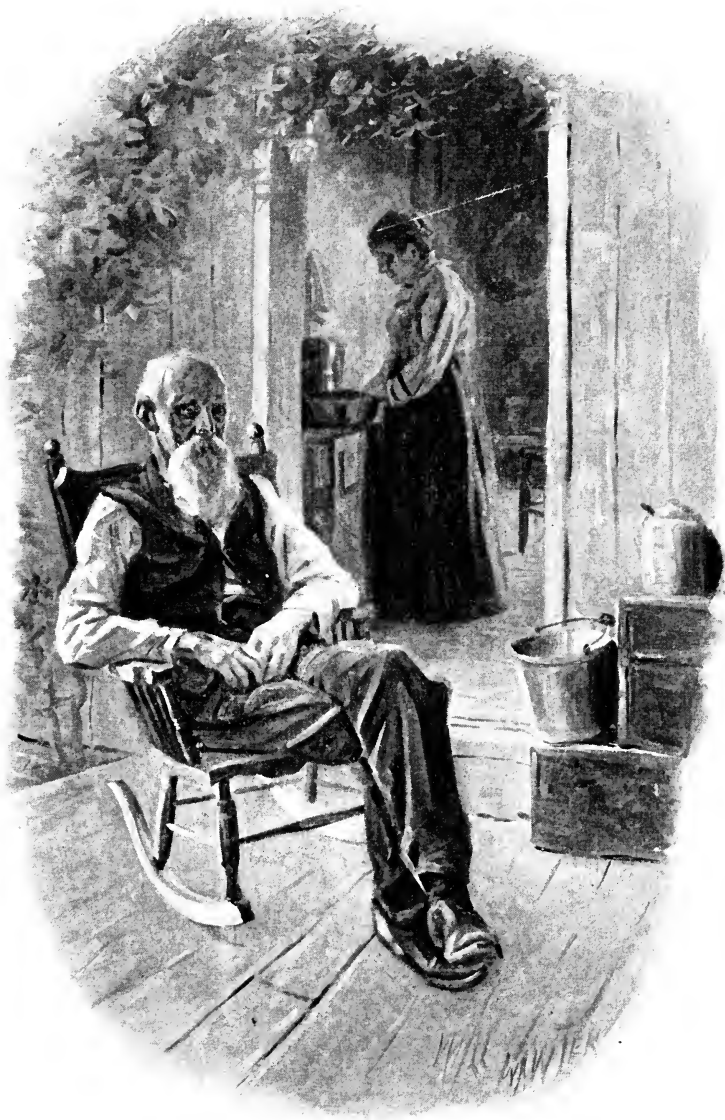
THEY ain't no style about 'em,  
And they're sorto' pale and faded,  
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,  
Would be lonesomer, and shaded  
With a good 'eal blacker shadder  
Than the morning-glories makes,  
And the sunshine would look sadder  
Fer their good old-fashion' sakes.

## OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

I like 'em 'cause they kindo'-  
Sorto' *make* a feller like 'em!  
And I tell you, when I find a  
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,  
It allus sets me thinkin'  
O' the ones 'at used to grow  
And peek in thro' the chinkin'  
O' the cabin, don't you know!

And then I think o' mother,  
And how she ust to love 'em—  
When they wuzn't any other,  
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!  
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,  
Whispered with a smile and said  
We must pick a bunch and putt 'em  
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin',  
They ain't no style about 'em  
Very gaudy er displayin',  
But I wouldn't be without 'em,—  
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,  
And the hollyhawks and sich,  
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses  
In the roses of the rich.







## THE KING

THEY rode right out of the morning sun—  
A glimmering, glittering cavalcade  
Of knights and ladies and every one  
In princely sheen arrayed;  
And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,  
With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red  
That spurted about in the breeze and bled  
In the bloom of the everglade.

And they rode right over the dewy lawn,  
With brave, glad banners of every hue  
That rolled in ripples, as they rode on  
In splendor, two and two;  
And the tinkling links of the golden reins  
Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains  
As the castanets in a dream of Spain's  
Intensest gold and blue.

## THE KING

And they rode and rode; and the steeds they neighed  
And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides  
Flickered and lightened and glanced and played  
Like the moon on rippling tides;  
And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,  
And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,  
And jostled in time to the teeming throng,  
And their knightly song besides.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,  
And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild  
In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her  
As one at a wilful child,—  
And as knight and lady away they flew,  
And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,  
And the lances flashed and the bugle blew,  
He kissed his hand and smiled.—

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,  
The pageant glittered across the plain,  
And the turf spun back, and the wildweed flower  
Was only a crimson stain.  
And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,  
As he blends these words with the wailing blast:  
"It is the King of the Year rides past!"  
And Autumn is here again.



### SLUMBER-SONG

SLEEP, little one! The Twilight folds her gloom  
Full tenderly about the drowsy Day,  
And all his tinselled hours of light and bloom  
Like toys are laid away.

Sleep! sleep! The noon-sky's airy cloud of white  
Has deepened wide o'er all the azure plain;  
And, trailing through the leaves, the skirts of Night  
Are wet with dews as rain.

But rest thou sweetly, smiling in thy dreams,  
With round fists tossed like roses o'er thy head,  
And thy tranc'd lips and eyelids kissed with gleams  
Of rapture perfected.

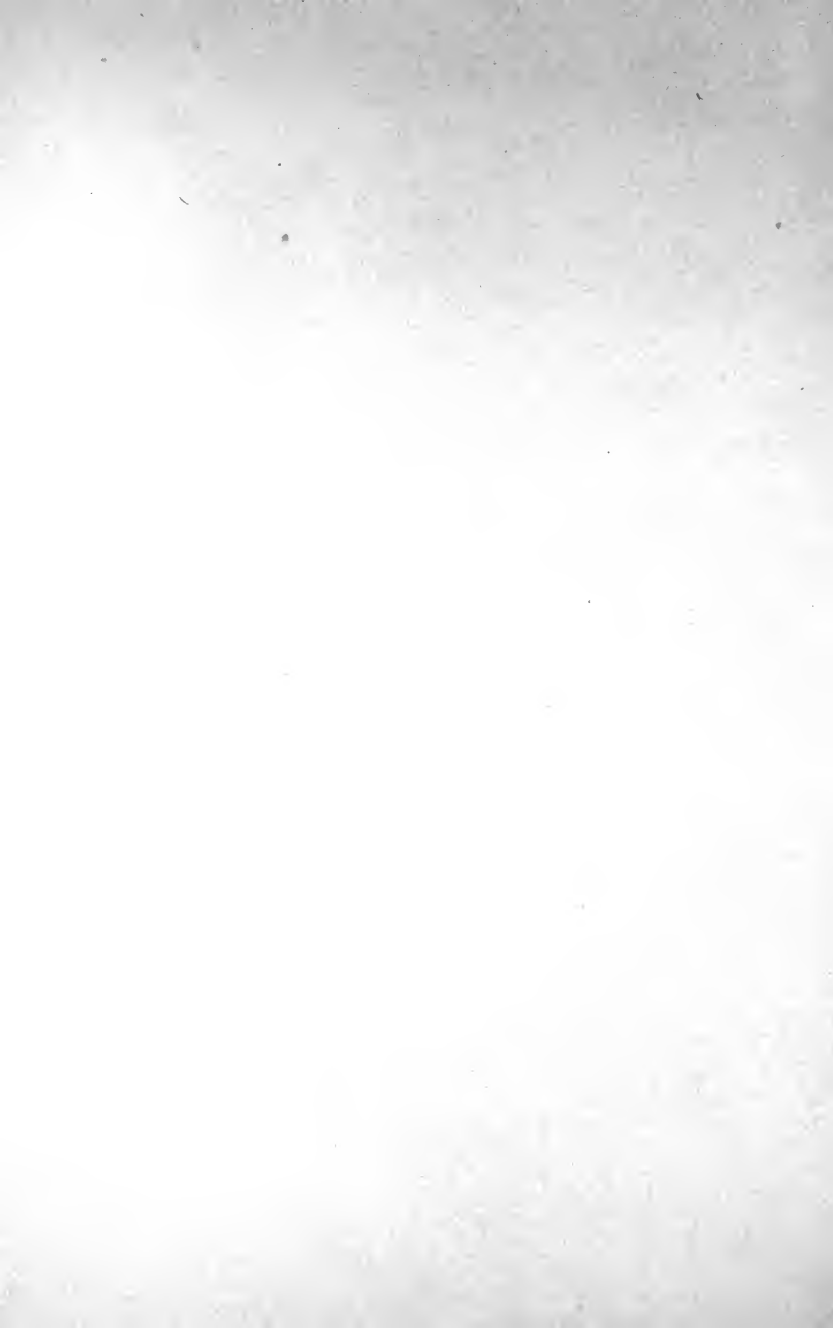
## THE YELLOW-BIRD

**H** EY! my little Yellow-bird,  
What you doing there?  
Like a flashing sun-ray,  
Flitting everywhere:  
Dangling down the tall weeds  
And the hollyhocks,  
And the lordly sunflowers  
Along the garden-walks.

Ho! my gallant Golden-bill,  
Pecking 'mongst the weeds,  
You must have for breakfast  
Golden flower-seeds:  
Won't you tell a little fellow  
What you have for *tea*?—  
'Spect a peck o' yellow, mellow  
Pippin on the tree.









## A COUNTRY PATHWAY

I COME upon it suddenly, alone—  
A little pathway winding in the weeds  
That fringe the roadside; and with dreams my own,  
I wander as it leads.

Full wistfully along the slender way,  
Through summer tan of freckled shade and shine,  
I take the path that leads me as it may—  
Its every choice is mine.

A chipmunk, or a sudden-whirring quail,  
Is startled by my step as on I fare—  
A garter-snake across the dusty trail  
Glances and—is not there.

## A COUNTRY PATHWAY

Above the arching jimson-weeds flare twos  
And twos of sallow-yellow butterflies,  
Like blooms of lorn primroses blowing loose  
When autumn winds arise.

The trail dips—dwindles—broadens then, and lifts  
Itself astride a cross-road dubiously,  
And, from the fennel marge beyond it, drifts  
Still onward, beckoning me.

And though it needs must lure me mile on mile  
Out of the public highway, still I go,  
My thoughts, far in advance in Indian-file,  
Allure me even so.

Why, I am as a long-lost boy that went  
At dusk to bring the cattle to the bars,  
And was not found again, though Heaven lent  
His mother all the stars

With which to seek him through that awful night.  
O years of nights as vain!—Stars never rise  
But well might miss their glitter in the light  
Of tears in mother-eyes!





## A COUNTRY PATHWAY

So—on, with quickened breaths, I follow still--

My avant-courier must be obeyed!

Thus am I led, and thus the path, at will,

Invites me to invade

A meadow's precincts, where my daring guide

Clambers the steps of an old-fashioned stile,

And stumbles down again, the other side,

To gambol there a while

In pranks of hide-and-seek, as on ahead

I see it running, while the clover-stalks

Shake rosy fists at me as though they said—

“You dog our country-walks

“And mutilate us with your walking-stick!—

We will not suffer tamely what you do

And warn you at your peril,—for we'll sic

Our bumblebees on you!”

But I smile back, in airy nonchalance,—

The more determined on my wayward quest,

As some bright memory a moment dawns

A morning in my breast—

## A COUNTRY PATHWAY

Sending a thrill that hurries me along  
In faulty similes of childish skips,  
Enthused with lithe contortions of a song  
Performing on my lips.

In wild meanderings o'er pasture wealth—  
Erratic wanderings through dead'ning-lands,  
Where sly old brambles, plucking me by stealth,  
Put berries in my hands:

Or the path climbs a boulder—wades a slough—  
Or, rollicking through buttercups and flags,  
Goes gaily dancing o'er a deep bayou  
On old tree-trunks and snags:

Or, at the creek, leads o'er a limpid pool  
Upon a bridge the stream itself has made,  
With some Spring-freshet for the mighty tool  
That its foundation laid.

I pause a moment here to bend and muse,  
With dreamy eyes, on my reflection, where  
A boat-backed bug drifts on a helpless cruise,  
Or wildly oars the air,







## A COUNTRY PATHWAY

As, dimly seen, the pirate of the brook—  
The pike, whose jaunty hulk denotes his speed—  
Swings pivoting about, with wary look  
Of low and cunning greed.

Till, filled with other thought, I turn again  
To where the pathway enters in a realm  
Of lordly woodland, under sovereign reign  
Of towering oak and elm.

A puritanic quiet here reviles  
The almost whispered warble from the hedge,  
And takes a locust's rasping voice and files  
The silence to an edge.

In such a solitude my somber way  
Strays like a misanthrope within a gloom  
Of his own shadows—till the perfect day  
Bursts into sudden bloom,

And crowns a long, declining stretch of space,  
Where King Corn's armies lie with flags unfurled,  
And where the valley's dint in Nature's face  
Dimples a smiling world.

## A COUNTRY PATHWAY

And lo! through mists that may not be dispelled,  
I see an old farm homestead, as in dreams,  
Where, like a gem in costly setting held,  
The old log cabin gleams.

. . . . .

O darling Pathway! lead me bravely on  
Adown your valley-way, and run before  
Among the roses crowding up the lawn  
And thronging at the door,—

And carry up the echo there that shall  
Arouse the drowsy dog, that he may bay  
The household out to greet the prodigal  
That wanders home to-day.





## THE BALLADE OF THE COMING RAIN

WHEN the morning swoons in its highest heat,  
And the sunshine dims, and no dark shade  
Streaks the dust of the dazzling street,  
And the long straw splits in the lemonade;  
When the circus lags in a sad parade,  
And the drum throbs dull as a pulse of pain,  
And the breezeless flags hang limp and frayed—  
O then is the time to look for rain.

## THE BALLADE OF THE COMING RAIN

When the man on the watering cart bumps by,  
Trilling the air of an old fife-tune,  
With a dull, soiled smile, and one shut eye,  
Lost in a dream of the afternoon;  
When the awning sags like a lank balloon,  
And a thick sweat stands on the window-pane,  
And a five-cent fan is a priceless boon—  
O then is the time to look for rain.

When the goldfish tank is a grimy gray,  
And the dummy stands at the clothing store  
With a cap pulled on in a rakish way,  
And a rubber-coat with the hind before;  
When the man in the barber chair flops o'er  
And the chin he wags has a telltale stain,  
And the bootblack lurks at the open door—  
O then is the time to look for rain.





## THE MUSKINGUM VALLEY

THE Muskingum Valley!—How longin' the gaze  
A feller throws back on its long summer-days,  
When the smiles of its blossoms and *my* smiles wuz  
one-

And-the-same, from the rise to the set o' the sun:  
Wher' the hills sloped as soft as the dawn down to  
noon,

And the river run by like an old fiddle-tune,  
And the hours glided past as the bubbles 'ud glide,  
All so loaferin'-like, 'long the path o' the tide.

In the Muskingum Valley—it 'peared like the skies  
Looked lovin' on me as my own mother's eyes,  
While the laughin'-sad song of the stream seemed to be  
Like a lullaby angels was wastin' on me—

## THE MUSKINGUM VALLEY

Tel, swimmin' the air, like the gossamer's thread,  
'Twixt the blue underneath and the blue overhead,  
My thoughts went a-stray in that so-to-speak realm  
Wher' Sleep bared her breast as a piller fer them.

In the Muskingum Valley, though far, far a-way,  
I know that the winter is bleak there to-day—  
No bloom ner perfume on the brambles er trees—  
Wher' the buds used to bloom, now the icicles freeze.—  
That the grass is all hid 'long the side of the road  
Wher' the deep snow has drifted and shifted and  
blowed—

And I feel in my life the same changes is there,—  
The frost in my heart, and the snow in my hair.

But, Muskingum Valley! my memory sees  
Not the white on the ground, but the green in the  
trees—

Not the froze'-over gorge, but the current, as clear  
And warm as the drop that has jes trickled here;  
Not the choked-up ravine, and the hills topped with  
snow,

But the grass and the blossoms I knowed long ago  
When my little bare feet wundered down wher' the  
stream

In the Muskingum Valley flowed on like a dream.









## WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES

**I**N Spring, when the green gits back in the trees,  
And the sun comes out and *stays*,  
And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze,  
And you think of yer bare-foot days;  
When you *ort* to work and you want to *not*,  
And you and yer wife agrees  
It's time to spade up the garden-lot,  
When the green gits back in the trees—  
Well! work is the least o' *my* ideas  
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!

WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees  
Is a-buzzin' aroun' ag'in,  
In that kind of a lazy go-as-you-please  
Old gait they bum roun' in;  
When the groun's all bald whare the hay-rick stood,  
And the crick's riz, and the breeze  
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,  
And the green gits back in the trees,—  
I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these,  
The time when the green gits back in the trees!

When the whole tail-feathers o' Wintertime  
Is all pulled out and gone!  
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,  
And the swet it starts out on  
A feller's forred, a-gittin' down  
At the old spring on his knees—  
I kindo' like jest a-loaferin' roun'  
When the green gits back in the trees—  
Jest a-potterin' roun' as I—durn—please—  
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!



## DAWN, NOON AND DEWFALL

DAWN, noon and dewfall! Bluebird and robin  
Up and at it airly, and the orchard-blossoms bob-  
bin'!

Peekin' from the winder, half-awake, and wishin'  
I could go to sleep agin as well as go a-fishin'!

On the apern o' the dam, legs a-danglin' over,  
Drowsy-like with sound o' worter and the smell o'  
clover:

Fish all out a-visitin'—'cept some dratted minnor!  
Yes, and mill shet down at last and hands is gone to  
dinner.

Trompin' home acrost the fields: Lightnin'-bugs  
a-blinkin'

In the wheat like sparks o' things feller keeps a-think-  
in':—

Mother waitin' supper, and the childern there to cherr  
me!

And fiddle on the kitchen-wall a-jist a-eechin' fer me!

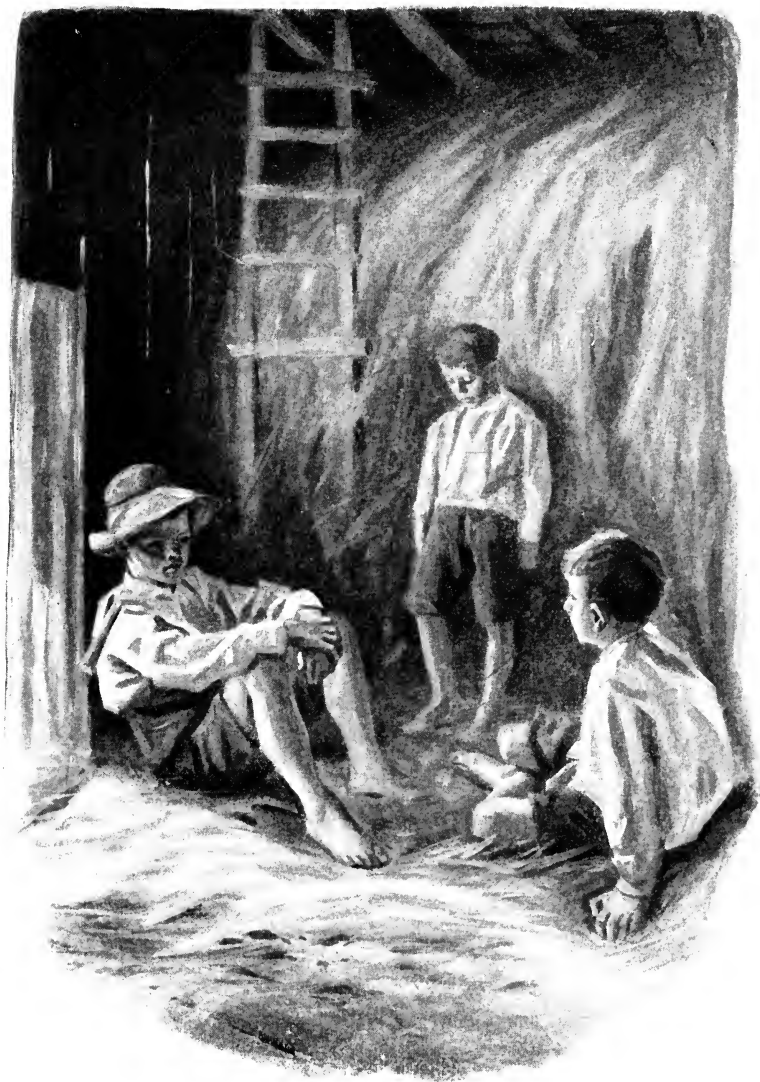
## THE OLD HAY-MOW

THE Old Hay-mow's the place to play  
Fer boys, when it's a rainy day!  
I good-'eal ruther be up there  
Than down in town, er anywhere!

When I play in our stable-loft,  
The good old hay's so dry an' soft,  
An' feels so fine, an' smells so sweet,  
I 'most ferget to go an' eat.

An' one time wunst I *did* ferget  
To go 'tel dinner was all et,—  
An' they had short-cake—an'—Bud he  
Hogged up the piece Ma saved fer me!

Nen I won't let him play no more  
In our hay-mow where I keep store  
An' got hen-eggs to sell,—an' sho  
The cackle-un old hen out, too!





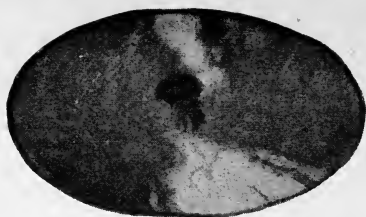


## THE OLD HAY-MOW

An' nen, when Aunty she was here  
A-visitun from Renssalaer,  
An' bringed my little cousin,—*he*  
Can come up there an' play with me.

But, after while—when Bud he bets  
'At I can't turn no summersetts,—  
I let him come up, ef he can  
Ac' ha'f-way like a gentleman!





## A SUDDEN SHOWER

**B**AREFOOTED boys scud up the street,  
Or scurry under sheltering sheds;  
And school-girl faces, pale and sweet,  
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother-voices call  
From alien homes; and rusty gates  
Are slammed; and high above it all,  
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt,—the rain! the rain!—  
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes  
Behind the streaming window-pane  
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;  
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;  
And into town comes galloping  
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.



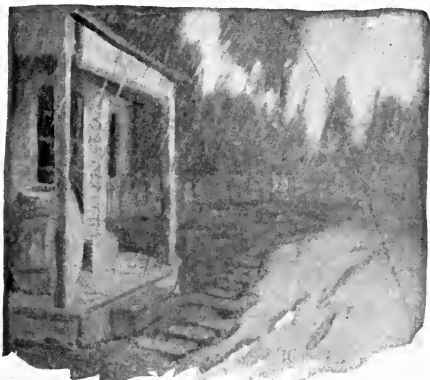


## A SUDDEN SHOWER

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,  
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;  
And under the catawba leaves  
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down  
The wet stem of the hollyhock;  
And sullenly, in spattered brown,  
The cricket leaps the garden-walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands  
And crows with rapture strange and vague;  
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands  
A dripping rooster on one leg.





### A NOON INTERVAL

A DEEP, delicious hush in earth and sky—  
A gracious lull—since, from its wakening,  
The morn has been a feverish, restless thing  
In which the pulse of Summer ran too high  
And riotous, as though its heart went nigh  
To bursting with delights past uttering:  
Now, as an o'erjoyed child may cease to sing  
All falteringly at play, with drowsy eye  
Draining the pictures of a fairy-tale  
To brim his dreams with—there comes o'er the day  
A loathful silence, wherein all sounds fail  
Like loitering tones of some faint roundelay . . .  
No wakeful effort longer may avail —  
The wand waves, and the dozer sinks away.

## A SONG

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear ;  
There is ever a something sings always :  
There's the song of the lark when the skies are  
clear,

And the song of the thrush when the skies are  
gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird trills in the orchard trees ;  
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

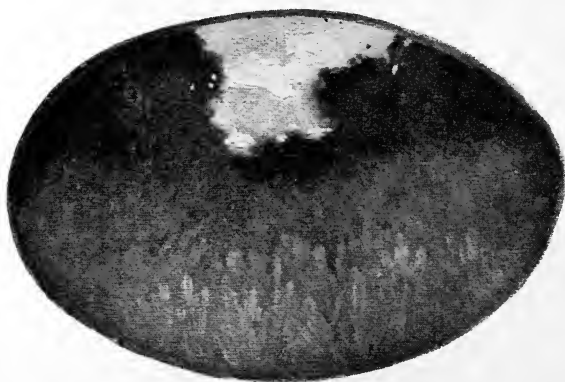
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue :  
The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.

## A SONG

The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;  
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—  
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere!





## ON THE SUNNY SIDE

**H**I and whoop-hooray, boys!  
Sing a song of cheer!  
Here's a holiday, boys,  
Lasting half a year!  
Round the world, and half is  
Shadow we have tried;  
Now we're where the laugh is,--  
On the sunny side!

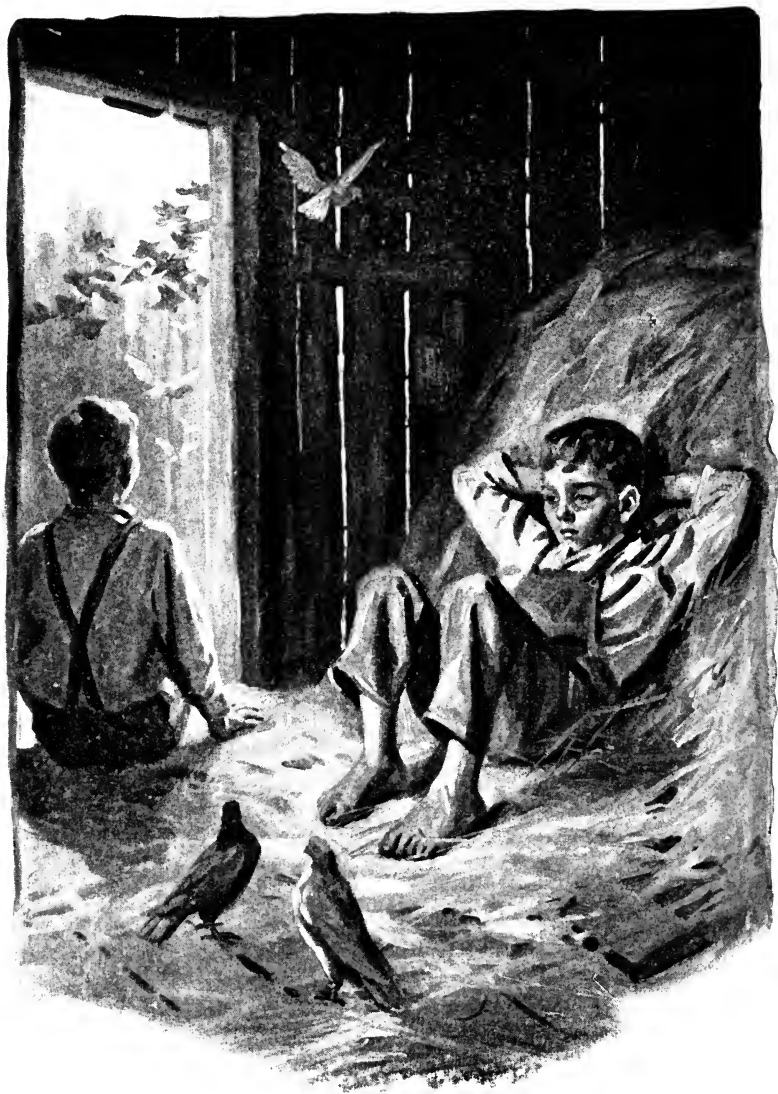
Pigeons coo and mutter,  
Strutting high aloof  
Where the sunbeams flutter  
Through the stable roof.  
Hear the chickens cheep, boys,  
And the hen with pride  
Clucking them to sleep, boys,  
On the sunny side!

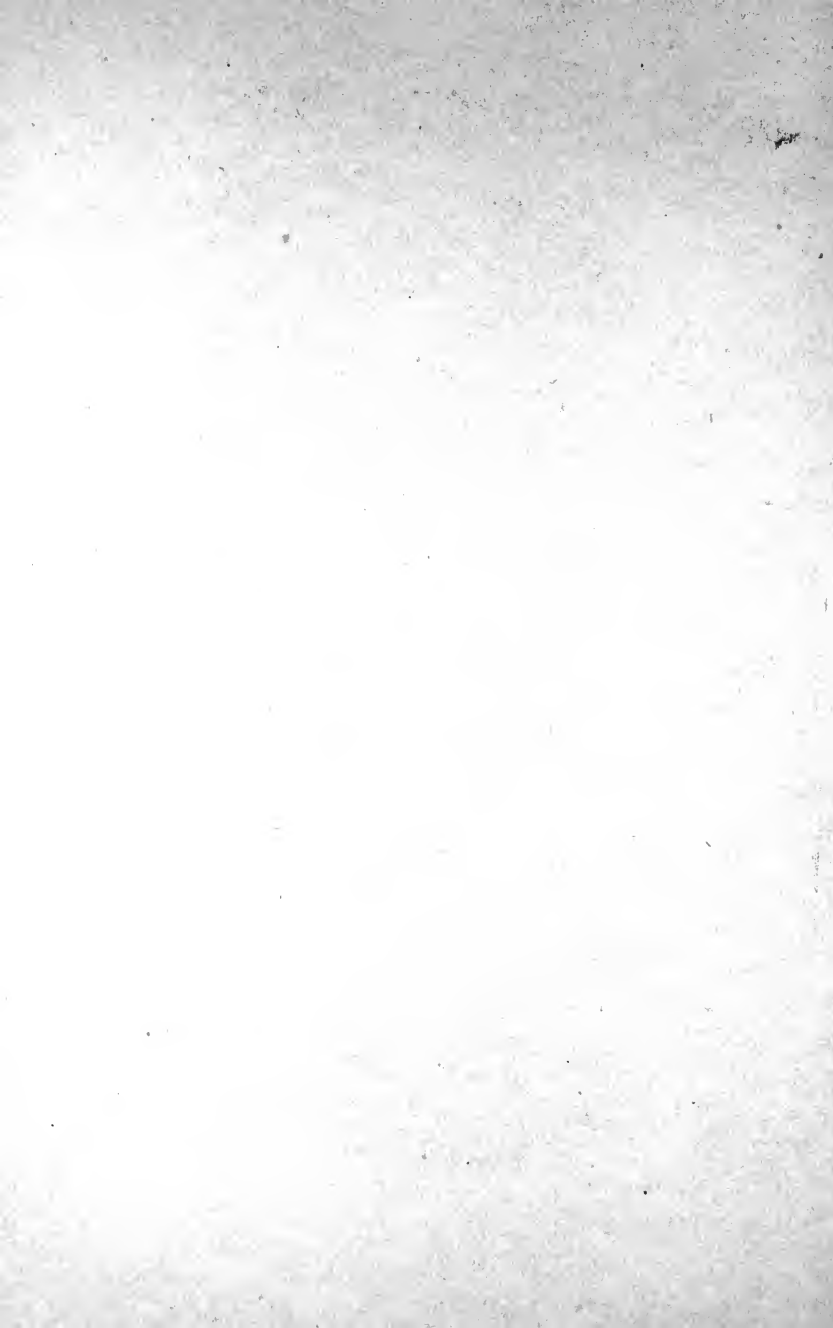
ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Hear the clacking guinea;  
Hear the cattle moo;  
Hear the horses whinny,  
Looking out at you!  
On the hitching-block, boys,  
Grandly satisfied,  
See the old peacock, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Robins in the peach-tree;  
Bluebirds in the pear;  
Blossoms over each tree  
In the orchard there!  
All the world's in joy, boys,  
Glad and glorified  
As a romping boy, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Where's a heart as mellow?  
Where's a soul as free?  
Where is any fellow  
We would rather be?  
Just ourselves or none, boys,  
World around and wide,  
Laughing in the sun, boys,  
On the sunny side!







## JUNE

O QUEENLY month of indolent repose!  
I drink thy breath in sips of rare perfume,  
As in thy downy lap of clover-bloom  
I nestle like a drowsy child and doze  
The lazy hours away. The zephyr throws  
The shifting shuttle of the Summer's loom  
And weaves a damask-work of gleam and gloom  
Before thy listless feet. The lily blows  
A bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade;  
And, wheeling into ranks, with plume and  
spear,  
Thy harvest-armies gather on parade;  
While, faint and far away, yet pure and clear,  
A voice calls out of alien lands of shade:—  
All hail the Peerless Goddess of the Year!

## HE AND I

JUST drifting on together—  
He and I—

As through the balmy weather  
Of July

Drift two thistle-tufts imbedded  
Each in each—by zephyrs wedded—  
Touring upward, giddy-headed,  
For the sky.

And, veering up and onward,  
Do we seem

Forever drifting downward  
In a dream,

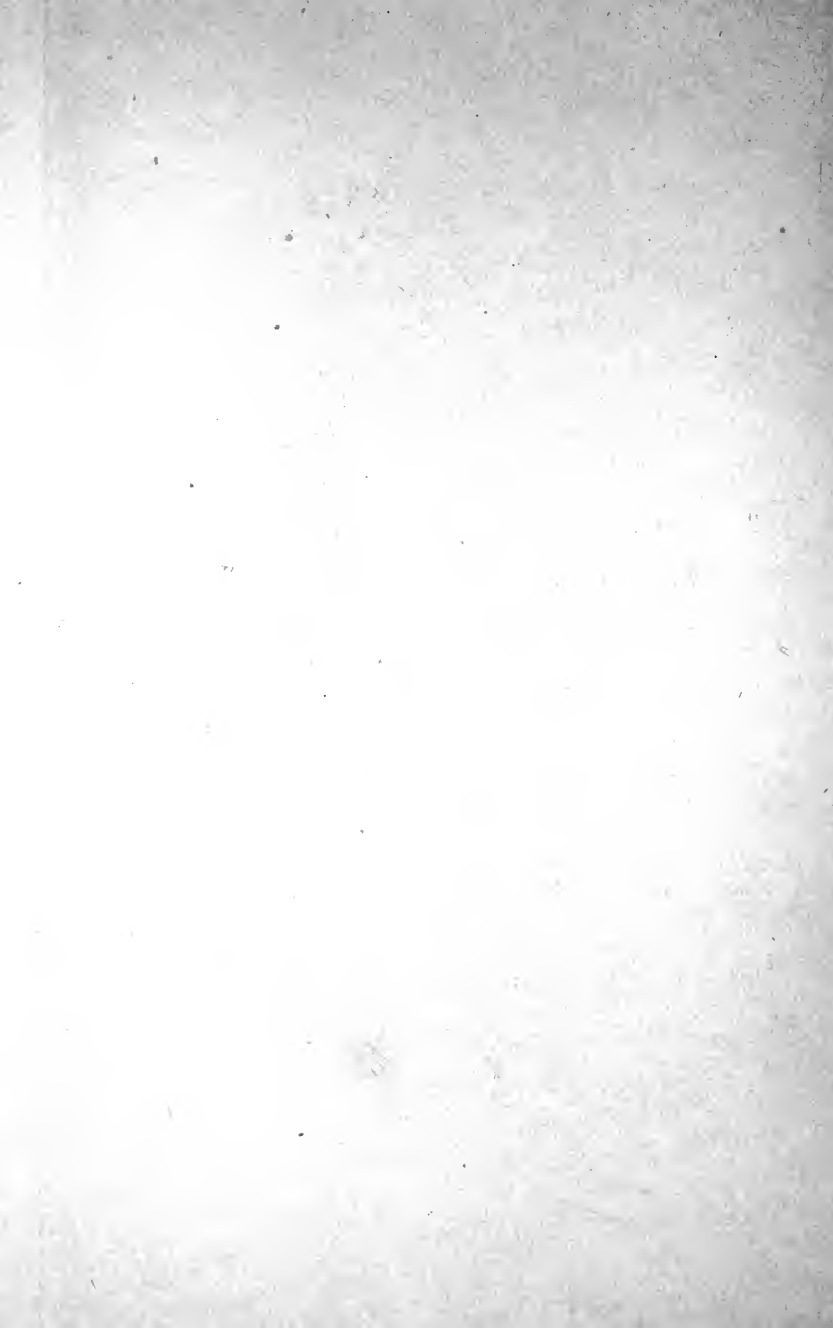
Where we meet song-birds that know us,  
And the winds their kisses blow us,  
While the years flow far below us  
Like a stream.

And we are happy—very—  
He and I—

Aye, even glad and merry  
Though on high

The heavens are sometimes shrouded  
By the midnight storm, and clouded  
Till the pallid moon is crowded  
From the sky.



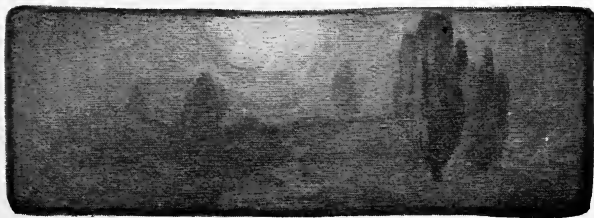




## HE AND I

My spirit ne'er expresses  
Any choice  
But to clothe him with caresses  
And rejoice;  
And as he laughs, it is in  
Such a tone the moonbeams glisten  
And the stars come out to listen  
To his voice.

And so, whate'er the weather,  
He and I,—  
With our lives linked thus together,  
Float and fly  
As two thistle-tufts imbedded  
Each in each—by zephyrs wedded—  
Touring upward, giddy-headed,  
For the sky.





## UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE.

UP and down old Brandywine,  
In the days 'at's past and gone—  
With a dad-burn hook-and-line  
And a saplin'-pole—i swan!  
I've had more fun, to the square  
Inch, than ever *anywhere*!  
Heaven to come can't discount *mine*  
Up and down old Brandywine!

Hain't no sense in *wishin'*—yit  
Wisht to goodness I *could* jes  
"Gee" the blame' world round and git  
Back to that old happiness!—  
Kindo' drive back in the shade  
"The old Covered Bridge" there laid  
'Crosst the crick, and sorto' soak  
My soul over, hub and spoke!





UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE

Honest, now!—it hain't no *dream*  
'At I'm wantin',—but *the fac's*  
As they wuz; the same old stream,  
And the same old times, i jacks!—  
Gim me back my bare feet—and  
Stonebruise too!—And scratched and  
tanned!  
And let hottest dog-days shine  
Up and down old Brandywine!

In and on betwixt the trees  
'Long the banks, pour down yer noon,  
Kindo' curdled with the breeze  
And the yallerhammer's tune;  
And the smokin', chokin' dust  
O' the turnpike at its wusst—  
*Saturd'ys*, say, when it seems  
Road's jes jammed with country teams!—

Whilse the old town, fur away  
'Crosst the hazy pastur'-land,  
Dozed-like in the heat o' day  
Peaceful' as a hired hand.  
Jolt the gravel th'ough the floor  
O' the old bridge!—grind and roar  
With yer blame' percession-line—  
Up and down old Brandywine!

UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE

Souse me and my new straw-hat  
Off the foot-log!—what *I* care?—  
Fist shoved in the crown o' that—  
Like the old Clown ust to wear.  
Wouldn't swop it fer a' old  
Gin-u-wine raal crown o' gold!—  
Keep yer *King* ef you'll gim me  
Jes the boy I ust to be!

Spill my fishin'-worms! er steal  
My best "goggle-eye"!—but you  
Can't lay hands on joys I feel  
Nibblin' like they ust to do!  
So, in memory, to-day  
Same old ripple lips away  
At my "cork" and saggin' line  
Up and down old Brandywine!

There the logs is, round the hill,  
Where "Old Irvin" ust to lift  
Out sunfish from daylight till  
Dew-fall—'fore he'd leave "The Drift"  
And give *us* a chance—and then  
Kindo' fish back home again,  
Ketchin' 'em jes left and right  
Where *we* hadn't got "a bite"!







UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE

Er, 'way windin' out and in,—  
Old path th'ough the iurnweeds  
And dog-fennel to yer chin—  
Then come suddent, th'ough the reeds  
And cat-tails, smack into where  
Them-air woods-hogs ust to scare  
Us clean 'crosst the County-line,  
Up and down old Brandywine!

But the dim roar o' the dam  
It 'ud coax us further still  
To'rds the old race, slow and ca'm,  
Slidin' on to Huston's mill—  
Where, I 'spect, "The Freeport crowd"  
Never *warmed* to us er 'lowed  
We wuz quite so overly  
Welcome as we aimed to be.

Still it 'peared-like ever'thing—  
Fur away from home as *there*—  
Had more *relish*-like, i jing!—  
Fish in stream, er bird in air!  
O them rich old bottom-lands,  
Past where Cowden's Schoolhouse stands!  
Wortermelons—*master-minc*!  
Up and down old Brandywine!

UP AND DOWN OLD BRANDYWINE

And sich pop-paws!—Lumps o' raw  
Gold and green,—jes' oozy th'ough  
With ripe yaller—like you've saw  
Custard-pie with no crust to:  
And jes *gorges* o' wild plums,  
Till a feller'd suck his thumbs  
Clean up to his elbows! *My!*—  
*Me some more er lem me die!*

Up and down old Brandywine! . . .  
Stripe me with pokeberry-juice!—  
Flick me with a pizenvine  
And yell "*Yip!*" and lem me loose!  
—Old now as I then wuz young,  
'F I could sing as I *have* sung,  
Song 'ud surely ring *dee-vine*  
Up and down old Brandywine!

